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HAT'S BECOME OF ALL THE SPECIE?

WHAT'S become of all the *Specie*?
Where are all the dollars gone?
Nothing but *shinplasters* greasy
Do our meagre pockets own.
Have the *Banks* for e'er suspended,
Shall we not, oh, ragged times,
See, each toiler's hard lot mended,
By the ring of *silver* chimes?
What's become of all the *specie*,
Banks and *brokers* ought to know—
Still new *rags* come forth to fleece you,
Postage stamps are all the go.

Have our *dollars* turned rebellious,
With some cash-grabbing *cashier*?
Or have they melted all our *pewter*,
Into *plates* and *dished* us clear.
Round with *notes* I see folks ranging,
And for *change* they beg and bawl,
But though *notes* are dally *changing*,
Still we have no *change* at all.
What's become, &c.

Have our shining *mint-drops*, say ye,
Dropt away beyond recall,
Has our *currency*, I pray ye,
Been sorely "driven to the wall."
Every day the *mint* is *coining*,
Yet no *coin* at all have we,
Is't *shipped* for *luxuries* folks shine in,
To *speculators* cross the sea?
What's become, &c.

Every one, what e'er his trade is,
Can but ask if this *ado*,
Last much longer—Pray, young ladies,
What will become of us and you?
In *matri-money's speculation*,
Bids will get so low, we'll find
Belles and *beaux*, whate'er their station,
Can't raise a partner nor the wind.
What then becomes of matrimony,
Marriages will be *no go*,
Hymen's bank, or golden honey
Must *suspend* 'mongst high and low.

JOE KINKER IN THE FIRST NINE,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THOMAS H. ROGERS.

a certain city, not over a thousand miles from New Bay, two B. B. clubs had long contended for the pionship. Several times every summer, for six they had met in the friendly field, and they were ecly matched in every respect, that victory, like a maiden, fluttered constantly between them, knowing on which to bestow her final embraces. Now, the rgans" won a game. Sure enough the "Crescents" ted themselves with the next. And thus the fitful e went on. Their scores were always very close, and meetings invariably brought together an immense d of the lovers of out-door sports. The clubs numd many fine young men among their members, and, consequence, the ladies—bless their sweet faces—ys gave the light of their presence to cheer the tious combatants on to victory, well knowing—base players are a gallant race—that their friends never itted themselves better than when encouraged and anded by the smiles of beauty. I tell you what —that's an elegant sentence;—when the "Morgans" "Crescents" met in deadly conflict, arrayed in all plendor of stunning costumes, with bat in hand, and ermination to "do or die" stamped on every counce, there were high old times on that ball ground. recollection of it almost makes me young again—for the years that are dead. *Then* were the betting in all their glory, and "even money" was the order e day, for the choice between the two clubs wasn't a Confederate shinplaster. Before the game was d, the enthusiasm was intense; each club had countpartizans, and every player was hemmed in by a of friends and admirers, speculating upon the result he meet." There, on those balmy August afternoons, the blue sky smiling overhead, and a breeze on the that would have charmed an invalid from his couch in—all was gaiety and enjoyment. Every face was ed up in anticipation of the sport to come; liberty, lity and fraternity ruled the hour; for the time , strangers became friends, friends warmed into ers, and the ladies overlooked all from a shady where—I hope it is not treason to say it—many a ager was made of gloves, trinkets, and the thousand one articles necessary to complete female happiness. was the aspect of the field on the occa[illegible] which ire to speak. The "Morgans" had l[illegible]selves or victory, and "for this once" they w[illegible]ined ve the "Crescents" a mauling they w[illegible]t soon t; the "Crescents" had laid themselves out for ry, and "for this once" was determined to give the gans" a mauling *they* would always remember. "All , my covey."

lear the field!"

was a beautiful spectacle. Around the vast ground ranged an assemblage numbering two or three and people, many of whom flourished pencil and r to keep the score for their own private satisfaction. windows and roofs in the neighborhood were crowded sightseers, and cartmen made their everlasting me by taxing the unterrified ten cents for the lege of mounting their crazy vehicles.

n umpire was chosen—many of our base ball players him well—and a better umpire could not have found on the island. There, I've said it, but nobody ws what island, so the country's safe yet. Silence as ound as ever reigned in the desert of Sahara fell the surrounding multitude—"nobody hurt." The tful moment, in the words of Dan Bryant, had iven." The "Crescents" were first at the bat. But an unlooked for catastrophe befell the "Morgans." hey were proceeding to the field, Daboll, their crack d-base man, and prince of batters, was suddenly to change countenance, stagger, and would have n to the ground had not a brother player received in his arms. In a moment all was confusion, and ufferer was surrounded by a gang of people anxious now what was the matter. That was soon discovered. octor—who had great difficulty in reaching the spot, soon as a man is injured everybody gets about him eep the air from his lungs) the doctor announced Daboll was partly overcome by the heat of the day, would not be fit to play that afternoon, although his es did not amount to anything serious, and he would be as well as ever the following morning. Here was "a go." Terror settled about the heads of the "Morgans"—they stared at each other with blank faces, and felt that fortune was against them. But the game must go on—a substitute had to be procured. A consultation was held; the captain looked about him; Joe Kinker was the first man belonging to the club that met his eye; no time was to be lost; Kinker was drafted into service. The crowd fell back, the reporters again seized their pencils, and play began. All at once the betting changed its aspect, Daboll was an unsurpassed player; his very presence in a match gave confidence to his club, and confidence is a mighty good thing. Kinker—poor Joe Kinker—was a "muffin." And, of all the "muffins," he was king-pin. As to catching a ball—why, bless your heart, he might as well have tried to swallow a base. He had blackened his eye many a time—or rather, had had it blackened—in his queer attempts to take a ball on the fly. Muscle he was not devoid of, and when he hit a ball, knocked it a considerable distance—*when* he hit it, which was about once in a game. In short, had there been sixteen nines in the "Morgan B. B. C.," Kinker would have been the biggest "muffin" in the sixteenth. You may safely believe that the "Crescents"—although deploring his misfortune—were by no means sorry to get rid of Daboll, and that they regarded poor Joe with the most friendly feelings. Victory was almost certain when he was playing against them; had he been on their side—ah, that would have been a "horse of another color." The spectators—prophets in their own conceit—now predicted that the "Crescents" would win in a canter, unless their rivals met with extraordinary good luck. But, after all, base ball is mighty uncertain, so the "Morgans" maintained a bold front, resolved to do their best. I wouldn't give three hairs from a horse's tail for a club that haven't the spirit to play an up-hill game. The "Morgans" were made of the right stuff, as all must admit who ever saw them at work. And now the day's sport began in earnest.

Poor Joe Kinker was in the right field, as the captain of his nine thought he would not there be in any danger of hurting himself with the ball. But what are human calculations? Every ball struck flew away into Joe's corner, and you never witnessed such fielding (?) in your born days as that ill-starred wight offered for the admiration of "the peoples." "Throw it up, Joe!" "Fall on it!" "Take it on the fly!" "What are you holding it for?" These were some of the exclamations that greeted his frantic efforts. The question "What are you holding it for?" was piling on the agony too strong, for he never was within six six feet of the ball when it struck the ground, and was too much confused to know whether he was on his head or his feet. Even his own club stood in open-mouthed admiration of his prowess. He was very fat, was Joe, and such rolling and tumbling, kicking and running, were never witnessed before in any civilized community. Now he would lose the ball altogether, and gaze foolishly around in search of it, while the crowd shouted that it was behind him, before him, on the right, or left, just as the whim seized them to shout. Then he would sit down, overcome by his labors, while the delighted audience advised him to "take it easy, Joe; cool off a little; you've done your share," &c. It was universally admitted that such an exhibition of fielding had not taken place since the first ball—this erratic earth—was chiselled out of chaos and hurled into the stream of time—there's another elegant sentence. The first innings of the "Crescents" was finished at last—everything must have an end, unfortunately—and they had scored fourteen runs, nearly all through Kinker's excellent fielding. As the "Morgans" went to the bat, their friends began to feel homesick. Joe was their first striker. He disappointed nobody, but 'struck out" like a gentleman, and retired to his chair smiling all over, while a small boy in the distance insinuated that he was a soap manufacturer. His successors at the bat did better, and the "Morgans" chalked down four runs. Kinker was now placed in the centre field, but the ball still followed him. In the third innings he occupied a very honorable post, the left field, but he was in a worse predicament than ever. Finally, he settled down as short stop, and, as the third-base man kept a sharp look-out for that position as well as for his own, things began to brighten a little for the "Morgans," and those acquainted with their splendid batting capacity began to cherish the hope that all would be right in the end.

At the eighth innings, the "Crescents" were only seven ahead, and now or never was the time to save the game. The "Morgans" went to work right manfully, and well did they sustain their reputation as unequalled batters. Again and again the field rang with applause at their fine hits, and when the last man—it was Joe, out twice in this innings—went out on three strikes, they had scored ten runs, putting them three ahead of their plucky antagonists. Then ensued a scene that baffles description. Hats flew into the air, and the partizans of the "Morgans" felt as happy as a Maine lumberman after turning up Jack. And now for the ninth and last innings. 30—27 was the game, "Morgans" leading. The "Crescents," who had played in their best style throughout, went hopefully to the bat, and succeeded in placing four runs to their credit. Very good, indeed, but it was the general opinion that their "cake was all dough," for the "Morgans" needed but one run to tie—two to win—and they ought to be able to "fix things" as easy as rolling off a log. But, as I said before, and as your excellent B. B. reporter has frequently said, "base ball is mighty uncertain," and on that day the "Morgans" were doomed to defeat. Their two first strikers went out on tips. The third made his first base on a grounder to centre field. The fourth striker was that capital player and jolly good fellow, Joe Kinker—our old friend Joe. On him—oh! that the "Morgans" had lived to see that day—on him depended their triumph or their downfall.

Joe—lucky dog—had not made a run. Now was the time to immortalize himself; but if he failed—the thought was madness. Strike, Joe, strike! Strike as if the combined strength of the "Morgan Club" were concentrated in your muscular arms. One good, old-fashioned blow for victory. Three thousand people stand ready to applaud; one rousing hit, one "corker" for the honor of the club, and all will yet be well. Joe felt the importance of the occasion. He knew that with him rested the fate of the day, and now nerved himself for a desperate effort—a winning stroke.

He usually let fly at the first ball sent in, but now he was as hard to please as a sick child. The pitcher asked "judgment" on the balls, and the umpire cautioned Joe not to play a waiting game.

At last came the ball he wanted; the bat met it fairly and squarely, and away it sailed over the left fielder, or rather, over the spot where that individual *usually stood*. Already the crowd were calling on J[illegible] to make a "home run." Ah! luck, luck, luck. The shouting suddenly ceased; the ball was caught—the "Morgans" vanquished. This is how it was. When Joe went to the bat, the left fielder—a chap named Mackey—thinking that his duty for the day was ended, never dreaming that Kinker would trouble *his* domain—had lounged down the field some thirty yards to gossip with a couple of friends, thus placing himself at a much farther distance from the striker than he commonly did. Consequently, the "sock-dolager" on which Joe might easily have made a home run, had Mackey been in his usual station, was "handsomely taken on the fly."

A good many were down in the mouth at the conclusion of that game; some had lost their money, and others, who had boasted of the ability of the "Morgans" to thrash any club ever orgalized, now writhed helplessly under the sarcastic congratulations of the opposition. But the saddest, sourest man of all, was poor Joe Kinker. To sweeten his temper still more, everybody thought it necessary to pass encomiums on his incomparable fielding, until he finally "skedaddled" from the ground, as miserable a human being as it is possible to imagine.

Vague thoughts of revenge floated through his brain; all night long he tossed about on his bed, trying to arrange some plan by which he could "get square" with Mackey, and render that player as ridiculous as he had been himself. Profitless all his cogitations—nothing of the right sort presented itself. Had the ball been caught in a legitimate manner, he would not have felt so much put out about it; but that Mackey should have been successful when he deserved to suffer for his carelessness, was a little too bad, and made Joe feel kind of savage.

The return game was to come off the following week, and in the meantime, our unfortunate friend wandered about in a silent and meditative mood, seeming to have lost all interest in his daily pursuits, and altogether demean'ng himself in such an absent, shiftless manner, that his comrades began to doubt his sanity. The night before the day fixed upon for the second game, Joe dropped in at his tailor's to order a new coat; his measure was taken, and he was just turning towards the door, when the decorator of human frames addressed him thus:

"Would you like to see Mackey's new pants?"

His enemy's name arrested Joe at once.

"What do you say?" he muttered.

"These are Mackey's new unmentionables," resumed the tailor, "he wears them in the game to-morrow. I was to send them home to-night, but my boy is sick, and I cannot leave the shop."

A diabolical idea crossed Kinker. Here was his revenge at last.

"Ah! very handsome indeed," he said; "by the way, as I am going past Mackey's, I will carry them to him, if you like."

"Thank you, I shall be much oblig[illegible]"

So the bundle was made up, and Joe marched off with it in triumph.

Now, many will condemn Joe's idea as a mean one—unworthy of a gentleman. Be it so. It is not my province to defend him or his actions; I am merely relating an incident that really happened, and the truth must be told, should the heavens fall.

After quitting the tailor's, Joe visited a drug shop, and invested about a dollar.

The morrow came, bright and beautiful, and at a quarter to three the ball ground presented a similar scene to the one I have attempted already to describe.

Early in the day Mackey had called on the tailor, and heard from him that Joe Kinker had walked off with his property the night before, promising to deliver it at his house. Joe had not been seen since, and the universal cry in the dressing-room now was, "Kinker has stolen Mackey's new pants."

Ten minutes to three; Joe came not; Mackey was just on the point of donning his old garment, when—joy, joy—in rushed the missing "muffin," bearing the long-wished-for bundle in his hand.

No time was to be trifled away—they were clearing the field. On went the pants, and out started Mackey. He played "behind" that day, as the regular catcher of the "Crescents" was absent. The game proceeded for two innings. Gradually the green antics of Mackey began to attract general attention. He danced about as if he had lost all control over his motions, and it was on all sides admitted that he was the most active catcher that ever appeared on the ground. His face assumed all manner of expressions, and it was at times comical enough to throw a clown into spasms of envy. At the bat, he was hopping incessantly from leg to leg, while, in running the bases, he seemed to be flying from himself. Nobody (except Joe Kinker and himself) knew what was the matter with him, for to all inquiries, he would give no satisfactory answer. The torments he suffered would have driven a hermit howling from his cave, but he bore them as long as he could "stand the press," rather than quit the field or divulge the dire cause of his misery. The drowning man grasps at a straw: to divert the attention of the people from his actions, and make them think he was as "snug as a bug in a rug," he now and then twisted his mouth into what he intended for a smile. Such a smile! lemon juice and persimmons are nothing to it. The imprecations he showered on poor Joe Kinker would have filled a volume, and left enough over for the sequel. That innocent young man sat near the scorers' desk, watching Mackey's manœuvres with eyes expressive of the highest state of human felicity, and occasionally calling the attention of the bystanders to the catcher's wonderful performances.

How the rumor spread abroad, perhaps Joe could tell; however, the dreadful truth was gradually passed from mouth to mouth; roar succeeded roar of laughter, and, when the state of affairs became known to the entire field, one might have fancied that half-a-dozen lunatic asylums had poured out their addle-headed population for a day in the open air.

Poor Mackey could stand it no longer—he gave one despairing glance at the sea of grinning faces, and started for the dressing-room—about three blocks off—like an arrow from a bow—pursued by outbursts of merriment that increased in violence the faster he fled. How that game was finished, I don't exactly remember, but the above scene is still fresh in my memory, and I could take my oath (something I seldom do) that it is fresh in Mackey's. He never heard the end of it, and, even at this day, if you desire to witness an amiable expression on a human countenance, just call him confidentially aside, and utter the magical word "BLISTERS."

REAL SPORT.—What real sport is has just been discovered by a soldier who took part in the gallant charge at Williamsburgh. He thus describes it:—"The behaviour of our men was splendid, without exception. We had but one thought, which was to make the rebels skedaddle. We DID that. As for myself, I can only say that I have been exposed to fire of shot and shell at Lee's Mills—have been shot at repeatedly on picket—had some little experience in skirmish-fighting, but of all the places in the world, give me a dashing charge. For real sport, it can't be equalled. I never experienced or imagined anything like it. The huzzas—the yells of defi[illegible]—the clashing of arms—the rattling of musketry—the whizzing of bullets—the pell-mell conglomeration of everything—the total absence of fear—the burning desire to do somebody an injury, &c., &c.,—all combined and crowded into the short space of fifteen minutes, keeps a man feeling good for a long time afterwards."

ABOUT PARKS.—In New York there are eighteen parks and squares, comprising 1,005 acres. In London, the eight parks contain 6,172 acres. Phœnix Park, in Dublin has 2,000 acres; the Prater, in Vienna, 1,500; the Bois de Boulogne, 2,158, and the Versailles Garden, 3,000—both in Paris. "Men consume too much food and too little air; they take too much medicine and too little exercise."

BULL FIGHTING IN HAVANA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY RAYMOND.

Agreeable to his promise, three o'clock Sunday found Don Josi in his "volanti" at my door, his dark and usually serious face beaming with pleasurable excitement in anticipation of the great "BULL FIGHT" which was to come off at 4 o'clock, and for which he had secured two of the most desirable seats. Before starting, dear reader, let me ask you if you were ever in the good city of Havana, and if not, do you know what a "volanti" is? If you have been there, just pass on to the "Bull Fight," while I essay a description of this institution of the "ever faithful isle," for the benefit of more benighted and less fortunate readers.

Picture to yourself an old fashioned one-horse shay-top, hanging by leather straps with large silver buckles, between two long shafts. Some two feet back of the body is the axle, to each end of which, about eight feet apart, (a safe width), are attached the wheels. The shafts are generally about ten feet long, and fastened to the saddle of the horse by means of a hook—thus leaving a large space between horse and vehicle by no means conducive to its beauty. But from the elasticity of the wood used, and the mode of suspending the carriage-body, is produced a rolling cradle-motion by no means disagreeable to the "ins," however ludicrous it looks to the envious "outs." The whole weight, however, coming upon the back of the horse, which, as I said above, is placed far in advance of the "institution," makes it a dead drag, particularly hard on horse-flesh. One is reminded of Jack's reply on his return from his first voyage to Havana:—"Why," said he, "the women ride two together, rigged out in gauze and flowers like angels, and seem to take as much comfort; but its h—ll on horses." The private "volanti" has usually two horses—one which does the work, as above, and another fastened abreast of its foreshoulder, whose peculiar province seems to be to splash mud over pedestrians, and carry the coachman and his "boots." These boots are one of the seven wonders of the world; the tops reach up to the thighs, and are a mass of straps and silver buckles; the foot part is similar to a sandal, and shows the ebony foot; to the heel is fastened a heavy silver spur, some four inches long, and with prongs large enough to kill an American horse at one blow. Only those who have not visited the "faithful isle" will for a moment accuse me of exaggeration.

But Don Josi is looking impatiently at his watch, and before he has time to say much, I am seated at his side, and away we go for the "Plaza de los Toros," into which immense crowds of people are pushing and elbowing their way. The hum of voices high above the music of the band denotes a full attendance.

The arena is formed by a wall some sixty feet in height; the seats gradually descend from the top to within eight feet of the ground, where there is another strong wall or partition to protect the spectators from the sometimes dangerous assaults of the infuriated bulls. The place is estimated to hold as many as 30,000 people, and from appearances, must contain more than half that number now. Two brass bands are constantly playing, one on each side, and yet the distance is so great that the sounds do not conflict. Let us see; the programme says there are to be fought "Six Bulls to the Death," viz., two Cuban, two Mexican, and two American." Why has the music stopped so suddenly? Why are all eyes turned to that open space fitted up with flags, and where the arms of old Spain—of Castile and Aragon—are suspended over a scarlet and gilded chair that stands by itself like a throne? Suddenly the long, loud peal of a bugle announces the arrival of his Excellency the Captain General. As he advances, dressed in a plain suit of black, he acknowledges, by a graceful bow, the welcome of a multitude of voices, and taking his seat, is soon surrounded by his aids, all dressed in the glittering costume of Spain, and the majority bearing some cross of honor or other badge of distinction on their breasts.

At a signal from his Excellency, the music ceases, and, at a blast from the bugle, two doors are flung open, and four mules, literally covered with spangles and bright colored plumes, are driven in abreast, dragging after them a long chain and hook, to be used in removing the martyred animals. Following these are six "*Matadores*," on foot, each with a bright colored scarf in hand, and dressed in the picturesque costume of old Spain. After these again are four *Picadores* on horseback, armed with javelins about ten feet long—the ends being pointed so as to irritate but not injure the bull, while at the same time it is a protection to the rider. Bowing profoundly to the Captain General, the Matadores and Picadores retire to their separate corners, the mules are driven out, and every eye is anxiously fixed upon the still open door, for the bugle has summoned to the first combat an "American Bull."

Barely has the last note died upon the ear, when the silence is broken by a long, loud roar of defiance, and with one prodigious bound, the huge animal, throwing the sand in all directions, plants himself in the middle of the arena; and with tail lashing his heaving sides, and head bent down towards the earth, his eyes glaring like balls of fire, and his nostrils swollen with defiant rage—he stands a perfect picture of animal beauty and strength. I hail him as a countryman.

Looking furiously from side to side at his enemies, who seem somewhat reluctant to commence the attack, he finally fixes his eyes steadily upon the form of a large, almost Herculean Mexican, and for a moment each eyes the other as if looking upon a "foeman worthy of his steel."

But the tawny faced rider has misunderstood his antagonist, or why that confident and derisive smile, as shaking his javelin he forces his horse one step forward, which is scarcely taken before both horse and rider are rolling in the dust; and while for a moment the others are attracting the attention of the bull, and alternately running from his mad thrusts, our Mexican returns to procure another horse, for the bowels of the one he has left are trailing in the dust—and thus one by one did this huge and infuriated animal kill six horses, and finally so severely injured his first antagonist, that with great difficulty he was rescued and carried from the arena in a state of insensibility. Finally, the order was given for the horsemen to withdraw, and each Matadore in turn presented himself before the Captain General, and urged his claim to be allowed to kill the bull, while some few of the spectators, in view of his brave and unceasing attacks, shouted forth a vain plea that he might be spared. The honor was awarded to an old and experienced native of Cadiz, who, taking the long glittering sword in hand, turned, and facing for a moment his intended victim, and then shaking his weapon at him in defiance, he stood with feet firmly planted to meet the attack; for on he came with tail erect, swollen neck, and eyes of fire; there was a flash of steel, so quick that for a time I could not believe that more had been done than slipping aside to avoid being gored, but marching before the stand he held up his long sword, reeking with blood to the very hilt, and, with a bow, retired. For a moment the bull stood without moving a muscle, and then the blood gushed from his nostrils and mouth, and he fell heavily upon one side with the arena swimming before his eyes, while above the music of the band went up a shout of admiration from the assembled thousands. We staid and saw two or three others, but with the exception of the

American animal, fireworks and other articles of torment were brought into requisition to "screw their courage to the sticking point," and as the "shades of night were falling fast," we gladly left the scene of more than one well fought contest, and proceeded towards our hotel to make a less dangerous attack upon our dinner, and prepare ourselves otherwise for the "Masked Ball" to be given by the celebrated manager Escoriza, at the Tacon Theatre. Havana, Cuba, July, 1862.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MONTEDARE, Troy.—We have no recollection of having received a letter from you previous to that dated the 8th, and yet one may have been received, and overlooked. We shall be glad to number you among our correspondents; the note before us gives evidence of your ability to "do up" items in a spicy style.

BATES.—The quickest one mile time credited to Ethan Allen was in his race with Flora Temple, aided by his running mate Books, on Sept. 5, 1861, when he did the second heat in 2:19¼, equal to the best time ever made, which was done by Flora (his opponent on this occasion) at Kalamazoo, Mich.

H. P. M., Cambridgeport.—1. There was a racing calendar published once a year when the *Spirit of the Times* was in existence, and this work gave a summary of trotting during the year. 2. There is no stud book published in this country.

COMET.—1. The time would depend upon your aptitude for learning. The violin is a difficult instrument to learn to play upon correctly. 2. Apply at Hall's music store, 534 Broadway.

ZERO.—We have seen no such article. If you have a copy of the paper, send it along. We doubt if any one in the profession sees the paper, or we should have heard of it before.

BENANT.—We cannot undertake to decide as to the best sparrer in the United States.

C. L. S.—Apply to Mr. S. French, Nassau street. If the work is to be had, he can supply it.

COPERNICUS, St. Louis.—All right. But, you are headed off again. Quicken up, Copernicuss.

BEAUTY, Montpelier, Vt.—We can only say that the show is in Canada.

J. S. W.—Address J. R. Ashford, 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia.

P. EACHES, Fonda.—We are not posted in such matters.

S.—Dan Donnelly was never champion of England.

"LITTLE MAC."

THE absurd and infamous rumors which have been hatched by the teeming malignity of the radical abolition fanatics, and scattered all over the country within the last fortnight, meets a signal contradiction in the recent order of the President, placing General McClellan again at the head of the Army of Virginia. The enemies of "Little Mac"—as he is affectionately termed by the army, who adore him—set afloat confident statements that he had disobeyed orders, and caused the defeat of Pope by his neglect to forward reinforcements, and that, too, at a time when McClellan's best men were fighting under Pope; and tongues were found to utter, and pens to write, against him, even the accusation of treason. This is a characteristic illustration of the unscrupulous and groundless detraction with which General McClellan has been pursued by his envious maligners from the beginning. Though they have never before aimed quite so murderous a blow at his reputation, these assassins of character have made constant thrusts at him, with weapons poisoned by falsehood and venom, taxing their ingenuity to invent all sorts of fictitious statements to bring him into contempt and derision. His abilities as a General, are, of course, a fair subject of criticism, but there can be no palliation for the cruel and malignant assaults upon his patriotism. Events are rapidly proving that McClellan's plans are the only ones that will ensure us ultimate success, and his tactics the best for the purpose. He favors the practice of strategic movements. He advances slowly but surely on the foe, ensuring success by being prepared for defeat. The idea that strategy was of any value, in the conduct of a great war like ours, was discarded by the President and his Cabinet soon after the appointment of Secretary Stanton; and the opposite idea prevailed in the War Department until the recent defeat of General Pope gave such a signal demonstration of its utter folly, and of the advantages of strategic movements, for it was only by the superior strategy of the rebels that we were so disastrously beaten.

The result of the recent reverses has been a loss of life and material of warfare, together with an encouragement of the rebels, that a whole winter's triumphs will scarcely serve to offset. The President weakly succumbed to the pressure brought to bear upon him by the abolition cabal, but now, we are pleased to learn, he has set his foot down firmly in favor of General McClellan's tactics, and once more is the most able General we have in the army at the head of the National forces. Once more will he rapidly organize and train the new levies, and restore order out of confusion; and once more will he drive back the foes of the Nation from the Capital, and this time, having everything under his entire command, and neither a Congress of rabid ultra politicians, nor an arbitrary, one-idead Secretary to thwart him in his plans, depend upon it he will achieve that success he previously would have done but for the self-same obstacles we have briefly named.

THE STALLION TROT.

It is estimated that ten thousand spectators witnessed the trotting race last week between the stallions Robert Fillingham and Ethan Allen, an account of which is furnished by one of our reporters in another column of the CLIPPER. What caused this unusual turn out of the people at a time when sports of the turf are at a dead lock? We will tell you. The people felt satisfied that a square match was to be trotted, that the money was up, and that the race would take place if only a corporal's guard were present to see it. A feeling of confidence was created, and the people determined to support the affair, and see the show if it took their bottom dollar. Fillingham was, comparatively, a new horse, having been seen in public but once or twice before; his competitor being the well-known and oft-tried stallion Ethan Allen; and yet, strange as it may appear, the stranger was the favorite in the betting. How's that? What had the stranger done to warrant such confidence? Not much before the public eye, but private trials revealed such low figures to a few chosen knowing ones that they at once came to the conclusion that Ethan was a "dead horse." The chosen few had a remarkably good thing in their keeping, but being a kind-hearted, unselfish set of fellows, they let one or two more confidential friends into the secret of Fillingham's speed, and they, good, thoughtless souls, shared their good fortunes with others, and so the thing leaked out; and thus it was that Ethan was run down in the betting, as superior speed run him down in the trotting.

There was a good deal of betting done, but the greater part of it was on time, large sums being laid that a mile would be made in 2:21 and 2:22, Fillingham, it is said, showing below the latter figures in private; but the best time made in the race was 2:24¼, considerably higher than the knowing ones bargained for. That better time was not shown, is attributable to Ethan, who was unable to push the new comer to his speed, the latter winning each heat, with "something to spare." To bet on 2:21 was cyphering things down pretty close for a fresh horse, when it is known that the best time ever made is but a second and a quarter below those figures, Flora Temple having trotted a mile in 2:19¼ a few years ago, at Kalamazoo, Michigan. The "confidential time betters" were a little put out by the result, but will make the lesson serve them on some future occasion. Private trials are not always safe criterions, although we are satisfied that Fillingham will show better time than he exhibited on the 10th. Perhaps it may be necessary to bring forward the little "Queen of the Trotting Turf" to fetch out the fast points of the stranger. The race was interesting at times, but not quite up to expectations. The fancy were out in full feather, the gambling gentry plied their avocations at a convenient distance, and altogether a full day was put in at the Fashion. To make the affair a little spicy, two or three skirmishes took place between gentlemen of opposite opinions, and two or three knock downs were the result of "collisions" between parties who were guiltless of putting water in their whiskey. As this race was a success, it is to be hoped that our professional friends will not "rush the business;" a square trot now and then will fetch 'em, but this one will last for some time yet. No ringing in cold decks upon the people, you know.

A GALA DAY—THE SPORTS ON THE RAMPAGE.

New York is unlike any other city in the Union—it has its peculiarities, and its people have odd notions at times, but there is only one New York, and take it for all in all, we may never see its like out of the metropolitan bounds. The people of New York suit themselves to any and every emergency; if reverses come upon them, they do not whine and croak, but put a good face on the matter, pick their flints, and try again. There is no people more enterprising, more liberal. A stranger passing through the city would not for a moment suppose us to be in the midst of a frightful war. Everything wears a lively aspect, business goes on as usual, amusements flourish, and volunteers step up briskly to the music of the Union; and this latter is the only evidence given that there is anything unusual astir. And yet this great city is the *depot* for Uncle Sam. Here it is that his powder and ball are shipped; here that his subsistance is purchased, here that his soldiers are clothed, booted, and fed. But everything is done so systematically, so quietly, so business-like, that very few of our own people are aware of what is going on in their midst. We even take a little recreation to ourselves, and thousands turn out to witness the sports and pastimes of a great people.

Wednesday, September 10, was a great day for the sporting community, and thousands of our citizens took advantage of the occasion offered to sun themselves on the race track, and on the cricket field, and to seek the cool shades at Jones's Wood; for on that day no less than three extraordinary sporting events were announced to take place. These were an International Cricket Match, a Stallion Trotting Match, and a Scottish Festival. The first took place at Hoboken, the second on Long Island, and the third in the upper part of the city. Each event was gotten up under favorable auspices, each was managed by honest and sport-loving gentlemen, and each proved a decided and legitimate success. It was a slashing time for the old sport as well as the young, and both turned out in large numbers to witness their favorite exercises of the day; the boys were on the rampage, and a good day of square sport was had for once. The trotting match attracted the largest number of spectators, for it was an unusual occasion to see two flyers contest for ten thousand dollars; but the other events numbered their admirers by thousands, and better satisfaction has not been given for years than was afforded by the Cricket Match at Hoboken, and the Scottish pastimes at Jones's Wood. Truly, it was a gala day for our friends, and it will long live as a memorable occasion in the sporting annals of the country. There was no disappointment in either case—what was promised, was fulfilled; it was a sort of revival, and we trust it may prove the fore-runner of better things for the future. New York is sound on the sporting question, if conducted in a legitimate manner; but not otherwise. So let those who have the getting up of our amusements, guide themselves accordingly.

A PRETTY CHARACTER.

The various swindling operations by those connected with turf matters in and around New-York, which have been so often exposed in the CLIPPER, are being found out and ventilated by others. We are glad of this, because the reasons for our opposition to turf matters as they are now and have been conducted, have been, by those interested, misrepresented, and made to appear as though we were opposed to trotting or running races as sports. These misrepresentations were believed by the uninitiated, until they were fleeced over and over again, and until the regular turf *habitues* became so emboldened by their successes, that their tricks became so transparent that the most unsophisticated could see through them. However, as these underhand operations are brought to light, and the people are becoming better informed on the subject, we look for better things, and are hopeful that eventually trotting or running on the square will be the rule and not the exception, and as a consequence, that the turf projectors in the vicinity of New-York will bear a better character than they now do. We have been led to make these few prefatory remarks by reading the following "pretty character," from "Satanella," a New-York correspondent of the San Francisco *Morning Call*. Read it:—

But, what do you think of our horse-racing people? Actually the New-York public has patronized the turf so indifferently this season, that the "sporting men" have "given it up so, Mr. Brown," and abandoned us to our bad taste altogether. Yes, *Sir!* The Union Course, over on Long Island, has been closed—closed in high indignation—and all the horses, all the matches, all the wagers, all the fun, and all the frolic, transferred to the Faanklin Course, Boston! That's so, exactly. We are getting too pious for the horses. We can "go" a few dozen gambling "hells" along Broadway, where "king faro" and the swetcloth, *rouge et noir*, and the "little joker" may be indulged in *ad lib.*; but for a horse-race, oh, *my! that* is an iniquity indeed. To tell the truth, though, the attendance at the races here become so low and vile, that decent people *had* to absent themselves. Then, again, the matches were notoriously "put up," and the horse that won always won by pre-arrangement. Speed had nothing to do with it. Thus, humble men were disgusted, and the races were abandoned. We can do without them, thank goodness!

TO NEWSPAPER DEALERS.—Since the general introduction of cheap periodicals, and their ready acceptation by the public at large, the selection of a "prompt, accurate, and reliable" agent for the supply of those publications has become an important consideration all over Uncle Sam's farm. We therefore intend not the slightest disparagement of the parties or firms already so long and honorably engaged in this important business when we call attention to the new and complete arrangements of Mr. JAMES JONES, who is located at the N. W. corner of Nassau and Ann streets, New York. As a leading man—in every sense—among this active department of newspaper life, Neighbor Jones deserves the most "honorable mention," emphatically "in this connection," at any time. As simply James Jones, his public spirit and untiring vigilance have made him "the first man up and the last man down" among the newspaper offices in this city for many a year; and both sides of the Atlantic can attest his "diplomatic qualifications" in all the departments of newspaper agency. As a member of the original firm of Ross & Jones, then Ross, Jones & Tousey, next in the publicational firm of Queen & Jones, and subsequently in the agency firm of Okie, Dayton & Jones, and now again as James Jones "on his own tub" once more, our friend and neighbor continues to prove his especial merits as a master spirit in this "express" and important line of active business. Let all newspaper dealers, (not already doing business with other firms,) in town or country, be their orders large or small, few or frequent, bear in mind James Jones—the original James Jones—and his present address, corner of Nassau and Ann streets, New York; or, while in this city, give him a call.

"GONE IN."—Those disorganizers who were so free in their abuse of Gen. McClellan a few weeks ago, have pretty well subsided, the voice of the people in support of our young commander being too loud for the scaly devils who sought his overthrow. He is the choice of the people, as he is the favorite of the army; he seeks to save his men, at the same time that he plans for the capture of his foes; he is cautious in his movements, and if left to himself will come out the upper man in the fight. Keep our own dirty dogs off his trail, and we need have no fear of the rebel foe.

A SHARP LITTLE AFFAIR.—In the current number of the CLIPPER may be found a report of a sharp battle between two little "uns in England, in which give and take was the rule, and flinching the exception. It was a manly set-to, quite different to what has lately taken place in the English ring. The account of the affair will well pay for the perusal.

BULL FIGHT.—On our first page is given an account of a bull fight which recently took place in Havana, and which was witnessed by our correspondent. One bull succeeded in killing six horses before he was dispatched. The account is well written, and the writer gives a pretty accurate picture of this phase of Spanish life.

MIKE REGAN was taken prisoner during the recent battles on the Rappahannock, but was afterwards paroled, and is now at Annapolis, Maryland.

CRICKET.

A GRAND CRICKET MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

MILITARY VS. CIVILIANS.

UNITED STATES VS CANADA.—The last regular contest between selected elevens of "All Canada" and "All United States" was played August 6th and 7th, 1860, since which time no regular match of the annual international series has been played.

In the fall of 1860, the St. George club visited Montreal with a selected eleven of their club, with some players from Philadelphia, and there engaged in a contest with an eleven chosen from Canada by the Montreal club. The return game of this match was to have taken place last season, but was indefinitely postponed. This season, too, it was likely to be deferred, but finally it was arranged to send an eleven selected from the best players attached to the various British regiments now in Canada, and accordingly a party composed of officers of the Rifle Brigade, Royal Artillery, 60th Rifles, 16th and 40th regiments of Infantry, Scotch Fusiliers and Grenadier Guards, left Montreal on Monday, Sept. 8th, and duly arrived in this city on the 9th inst., quartering at the Brevoort House; and on the 10th, the eleven chosen for play were assembled on the enclosed grounds of the St. George club at Hoboken, where they were met by the United States eleven, composed of Messrs. Gibbes, Walker, Waller, Burnett, Creighton, Harry Wright and George Wright, of the St. George; Sharp, Hudson and Sadler, of the New York; and R. Stevens, of Philadelphia, Burnett and G. Wright being substitutes for Higham and Hammond, of New York, who did not play, the latter being ill.

The weather on Wednesday was warm, though just the thing for cricket, and the grounds were in as good condition as the unusually dry weather we have had of late would admit of. The wicket pitched was a good one, but very lively, giving an ugly rise to the ball. The attendance early in the day was not numerous, but before the close of the play quite a crowd was assembled on the grounds, a large number of ladies occupying the tents erected for their special use.

Without further preface we proceed to give the details of the

FIRST DAY'S PLAY.

At 11:45, the Canadians, having won the toss, sent in Capt. Phillips and Lieutenant Patten to the bowling of Harry Wright and Gibbes. Both these excellent batsmen gave evidence of their ability to wield the willow with a skill worthy of the *habitues* of Lord's grounds. Patten, after feeling his way with a single or two, led off with a fine hit to leg for 4; and, adding a cut and a drive for a pair each, made three more hits to leg, finally popping one up off his glove, the ball falling into Harry Wright's hands, his total score being 15. This was the first wicket, and 38 was the total on the telegraph, Patten being in half an hour. Lieut. Cholmley was his successor, but in the first over from Harry Wright, he lost his wicket, Harry finding his weak spot before he had a chance to score; 2d wicket, 39. Capt. Phillips by this time had run up the fine score of 23, in which was a good drive for 4, another for 3, a leg hit for 3, two twos, and singles. The Captain favored the leg poke in his play, and proved himself a good run getter, if not a stylish hitter. A shooter from Harry caused his retirement. Lieut. Elphinstone followed Chalmley, the 3d wicket falling for 42, and the score had only been increased to 45, when Hamilton, who had succeeded Phillips, also succumbed to Harry Wright, a twister to leg sending him to the tent, minus a score. Capt. Pemberton took his place, and he and Elphinstone worked harmoniously together for about fifteen minutes, running up the score to 65, at which point it stood when a "worker" from Harry ended his career for that innings, his score being a well obtained 12, in which were two fine drives for 3 each, 2 twos, and singles. We may here remark that the fielding of Stevens and G. Wright at "leg," and of Sharp and Walker in the "on" and "off" fields, considerably lessened the effectiveness of several fine leg hits and drives. Cover point, too, was well watched by Hudson, and Harry made one or two pretty stops. The Canadians judged their runs, too, so well, that but few chances for runs that were offered were missed, so that every score was well deserved, against the excellent bowling—not a wide being scored—and good fielding, except at wicket, opposed to them. Capt. Beresford followed Elphinstone, but had not faced Pemberton long before he was forced to retire, being caught by Waller, into whose hands he had popped the ball, off H. Wright, his score being 5, made by two leg hits, on one of which he gave a chance to Burnett at long stop, which Burnett did not judge well enough. His wicket, the 6th, fell for 73. Lieutenant Bent succeeded him, and had placed 6 to his credit by 2 twos and singles, when he slipped one nicely into Creighton's hands—7th wicket for 84. Capt. Slade was next, and after playing well for 10, half of which was the result of a neat slip, Gibbes found a way to his bails, and he retired in favor of Capt. Bloomfield, who in turn gave place to Lord Clinton, Bloomfield having popped one up in Harry's vicinity, the 8th wicket falling for 97 and the 9th for 103. Capt. Pemberton, all this time, had been engaged in an able defence of his wicket, besides which he had scored no less than 27, consisting of 3 fours—two fine leg hits and a drive—3 threes from off play, and singles, and he bid fair to keep up that style of thing for some time, when a rising ball from Gibbes glanced from his glove into Harry Wright's hands, and he was forced to retire, his wicket, the last, falling for 104, Lord Clinton carrying his bat out. The total score of the bat was 98, the extras only being 6, the long stopping of Burnett being very good, and the bowling so well on the wicket that not a wide was scored.

The innings closed at 1:40, and at 2 P. M., the United States eleven went to the bat, sending in Sharp and Waller to the bowling of Lieuts. Cholmley and Hamilton. The latter's peculiar delivery led observers to suppose that he infringed the 10th rule, but the Umpire watched him closely, and only twice detected him in delivery above the shoulder. It should be remembered that it is immaterial how high the *arm* is raised, provided the *hand*—at the time of delivery—be not above the shoulder. The very first ball Sharp received from Cholmley went right into Bloomfield's hands, but, luckily for Sharp, he dropped it, and after that, Sharp was more careful where he placed the ball. From the commencement of the innings to the dinner hour—2:25—Sharp and Hudson not only defended their wickets well, but ran up the score to 54, where it stood at the fall of Sharp's wicket, the third, Waller having retired for 0, on the first ball from Hamilton, being well caught by Patten, and Harry Wright having run himself out after getting a leg hit for 2, Pemberton fielding the ball in nicely. After dinner, Sharp and Hudson resumed the offensive at the bat, and the former, after adding 10 to his previous score, gave a chance to Bloomfield which that gentleman creditably accepted, and Sharp left Hudson to continue the score, Sharp's share being 20, in which was a beautiful cut for 4, 3 threes, a slip and leg hits, 2 twos, and singles. Gibbes took Sharp's place, and opened play with a leg hit for a single, after which Cholmley made him give a chance to Bloomfield, who again distinguished himself in the catching line, and Gibbes retired, his wicket, the 4th, falling for 55. Five minutes afterwards, Sadler, who had taken his place, sent the ball high in the air, and Capt. Slade ran well for it, and took it on the fly, Sadler's score being the second duck egg scored—5th wicket for 55. Creighton now faced Hudson, who was well in, and apparently safe for the score of the match; unluckily, though, he did not estimate the abilities of the fieldsmen as high as he should have done, for in running for a single he just reached his wicket a moment or two after the ball had touched it, the leather being neatly picked up by Slade, and prettily handled by Patten at wicket. Hudson's score was 19, and was marked by a neat cut for 3, 3 twos, leg hits, and singles, his wicket, the 6th, also falling for 55. Walker followed him, and got off a cut for 2, and a 3 drive, when he allowed a ball from Hamilton to take his stumps, and Creighton did the same after making a fine drive for 4; G. Wright, who went in in place of Hammond, who was absent, had only obtained 4 when a trimmer from Cholmley cut him short in his youthful career, and he retired in favor of Burnett, Stevens having succeded Walker. Burnett began play with a neat cut for two, but Hamilton took his bails off before he could do anything more, and Stevens was thus left to carry his bat out, after saving his round O by a cut for a single. The last wicket fell for 71, of which 58 were off the bat, the extras being 13, of which 8 were byes, these latter being the result of putting Pemberton on to bowl, his pace requiring first-class long stopping. The fielding in this innings was excellent. The ball was not only picked up neatly, but it was thrown in well, and well taken when thrown in, good backing up being a feature of the fielding, and an important one it is, too. From the above it appears that both Hudson and Sharp's scores were equal singly to those of all the others put together.

At 5 P.M. the Canadians went in for their second innings, Messrs. Patten and Slade being their first representatives this time, they facing the bowling of Gibbes and Harry Wright. Whether they were tired out or had eaten too much dinner, we cannot say, but certain it is the two batsmen above mentioned punished their bowling severely for half an hour, and it was when 30 had been placed on the telegraph and no wicket down, that it was deemed desirable to make a change, and so Sadler took Gibbes' end, and Creighton Harry Wright's, and they had just begun to be effective when the time arrived for drawing stumps, and play closed for the day.

SECOND DAY'S PLAY.

On Thursday, at 11:30, the game was resumed, Messrs. Patten and Slade taking their places at the wickets, and Sadler and Creighton being again in charge of the bowling, Harry Wright acting as wicket keeper. The Canadians had already scored 40 in their 2nd innings, and apparently their chances were good for another hundred; but Sadler began to put in some troublesome balls of good length and with considerable work on them, and Creighton's swift and straight ones required a strong defence, their danger being in the likelihood of the batsman's playing too late at them, as several of them did, Lieut. Patten being one of Creighton's victims from this cause, after he had added a single to his previous score of 20, in which were 3 fours—a leg hit and two fine cuts—a cut for 2 and singles, which were nearly all from fine off play. He proved himself, by his fine display in this match, to be a first class cricketer, especially at the bat. Capt. Phillips succeeded him, and made a fine defence against Creighton's fast bowling, but did not score much, but few chances for run getting being offered. The first wicket had fallen for 56, and the score had been increased to 62, when Sadler worked his way in on Slade's middle stump, Slade's score being a capitally made 26, marked by 2 fours—a leg hit and a slip—2 threes, 2 twos, and singles. He gave a fine chance to Sadler at leg, after scoring two, but Sadler dropped it, and Hudson had a slight chance afterwards. Capt. Pemberton took Slade's place, but he had only scored 3 when he sent the ball in the air, which Harry Wright caught well near the wicket, the telegraph showing a total of 66. His successor was Lieut. Elphinstone, who began well with a leg hit for 2, but shortly afterwards was sent back to the club house in consequence of playing late at one of Creighton's [illegible] shots, his wicket, the 4th, going down for 69. Lieut. Hamilton was next, but he had not been in five minutes before he was finely caught by Sharp, off Sadler, at long stop, the catch eliciting deserved applause. At this time Capt. Phillips had been defending his wicket manfully against the deadly aim of Creighton, and the tempting offers Sadler made him; of the latter, he tried one in the beginning of his career, but he found it wasn't safe, though the chance he gave to Gibbes was, to the surprise of all, refused, Gibbes dropping the ball that came nicely to his hands. Finally, Saddler found his way to his stump, and the Captain retired for 5 only, Capt. Beresford taking his place, the latter facing Lord Clinton, who had followed Hamilton. Creighton, apparently, was anxious to take his leave of the wicket, for he bowled him several trimmers, which were not stopped; but it was not long before he caused his retirement by a duck egg, his wicket, the 7th, falling for 78. Beresford scored a 2, leg hit, and a 4, drive, when he gave a chance to Gibbes, who this time accepted it, and Beresford retired in favor of Cholmley. The latter had scored a single, when, in playing back for a fine length ball from Creighton, he struck his wicket, and he gave place to Bloomfield, the latter soon losing his stump to the same bowler, Capt. Beresford being left to carry his bat out, the total score being 84, of which 65 were off the bat, 14 of the extras being byes, 9 of which were chargeable to Burnett, and 5 to Sharp, 12 of them being off Creighton's bowling. The no ball was from Creighton's stepping over his crease, the line not being distinct. The fielding of the two Wrights, Hudson, and especially Stevens, in this innings, was very fine. Creighton and Walker also made several excellent stops. We have seen Harry do better at the wicket, but nevertheless he was very efficient. Sadler's bowling was excellent, and Creighton's was also damaging to his opponent's wicket, but it was more from pace than length. The last wicket fell at 12:20, the grand total being 188, which left the United States 118 to win. This was a piece of up hill work that did not favor the chances of an easy victory by any means, and consequently the odds, in the betting market, were decidedly in favor of the Canadians. They themselves felt confident, and went into the field quite buoyant with the hope of a creditable victory. But the genuine few of the other side also talked boldly of "wiping it off" with the loss of half a dozen wickets only, but this of course only provoked a smile of doubt from the military gents. However, at 12.50, the United States' team sent in their men to do the wiping off business, Sharp and Hudson again doing duty at the wickets, and Cholmley and Hamilton handling the ball. It was soon apparent that Hamilton had got on the spot in bowling, as he forced his opponents to play on the defensive over after over, runs off him being occasional favors only. Cholmley, too, bowled well on the wicket, and he evidently bothered Sharp considerably, and made Hudson use his utmost skill to save his wicket. But for sometime these two batsmen faced each other, and by adding run after run, not rapidly, but on the slow and sure principle, until the Canadians began to think it within the bounds of possibility that the 118 might be "wiped off" in spite of them. After a while Hudson was got rid of in masterly style, the ball he hit to point so sharply being handled by Capt. Phillips in a manner that Caffyn or Carpenter would have been proud of. This catch, by the way, was the neatest and cleanest thing that have seen done in a long time, and the style of the catch brought down the house. Hudson's score was 9, in which was a 3, a hit, and 2 twos. He gave one chance at wicket, which Patten failed to accept. Sadler was next, but he again was disposed of easily, being caught at short leg, from a skied ball, by Pemberton, his score being 2 only. Stevens was next to face Sharp, and for half-an-hour they played together, Stevens running up the good score of 15, all which were off the bat, obtained, the prominent hits being a fine [illegible] for 5, one for a 3, also for a 2, and two cuts for 2 each with singles. His wicket, the 3d, fell for 44, the last having fallen for 14, and the 2d for 24. Harry Wright was in and had been in long enough to score 6, when he gave a chance at the wicket, but it was not taken, and Harry went on scoring. At 2:10, "dinner" was called, and it was well attended to by the whole party, who were all in the hungry mood. It was [illegible] that the chances of success were discussed, and by this time the United States party had the majority of backers, as over 50 runs had been scored, and but three wickets had fallen, and some good bats had yet to do duty. After dinner, both parties went to work earnestly, the Canadians trying a change in the bowling, and the batsmen presenting a masterly defence to the various attacks made upon the wickets. Sharp kept a beautiful straight bat for all the balls that were on the wicket, and refused tempting offers to send a ball up for the fielders to attend to, and Harry also played skillfully with the willow. At last Pemberton gave Sharp a trimmer, and Sharp sent it into Patten's hands behind the wicket, and retired amidst the applause of all on the field, he being a general favorite with all who know him. His score was 23, consisting of a fine drive for 4, another for 3, 4 twos from good off play, and the balance in well run singles, his total score being 43. Sharp's wicket fell for 63, leaving 48 to get to tie. These Gibbes went in to assist Harry Wright to get, and they came near doing it, too, for before they were parted, the score had been run up to 113, of which Gibbes contributed a well made 14. He was finally disposed of by popping up a ball, which fell into Pemberton's hands at short leg. Gibbes' score being marked with 2 threes—a leg hit and a cut for two, and singles, the latter finely obtained, good fielding preventing many of them from being doubles. Capt. Phillips' fielding at point in this innings was decidedly a feature of the match; he made several admirable stops; indeed, no ball passed him. Elphinstone's fielding at leg and cover point materially interfered with the run-getting of his opponents, but it is only fair to particularize where all did so well as the Canadians in this respect; they well deserved the victory, if they did not retain it. Walker succeeded Gibbes, and after blocking several balls, had the honor of being "in at the death," the last Wright giving the finishing stroke by a neat cut to point, Hamilton carrying his bat out after the scorers had called game, his score being the best single one of the match, 33, in which was a splendid leg hit for 4, 5 threes, two of which were cuts, 3 twos and singles, the total score of the innings being 119, of which 96 were off the bat, the extras being 23. Bloomfield allowed 4 balls to pass him, his activity at long stop being especially noticeable. The bowling was excellent, but, nevertheless, the batting mastered it. Take it altogether, the match was an exceedingly creditable display of cricketing on both sides, the Canadians taking the palm in fielding, and the United States eleven the trophy of victory. The score:—

CANADA.			
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Capt Phillips b H Wright	23	b Sadler	
Patten c H Wright b Gibbes	15	b Creighton	
Cholmley b H Wright	0	hit wkt b Creighton	
Elphinstone b H Wright	12	b Creighton	
Hamilton b Gibbes	0	c Sharp b Sadler	
Capt Pemberton c H Wright b Gibbes	27	c H Wright b Sadler	
Capt Beresford c Waller b H Wright	5	c Gibbes b Sadler	
Bent b Gibbes	6	not out	
Capt Slade b Gibbes	10	b Sadler	
Capt Bloomfield c H Wright b Gibbes	0	b Creighton	
Lord Clinton not out	0	b Creighton	
Byes 5, leg bye 1	6	Byes 14, 1 bye 1, wides 3, 1 no ball	
Total	104	Total	

UNITED STATES.			
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Sharp c Bloomfield b Cholmley	20	c Patten b Pemberton	
Waller c Patten b Hamilton	0		
H Wright run out	2	not out	
Hudson run out	19	c Phillips b Hamilton	
Gibbes c Bloomfield b Cholmley	1	c Pemberton b Cholmley	
Sadler c Slade b Hamilton	0	c Pemberton b Hamilton	
Creighton b Hamilton	4		
Walker b Hamilton	5	not out	
G Wright b Cholmley	4		
Stevens not out	1	b Hamilton	
Burnett b Hamilton	2		
Byes 8, leg byes 2, no balls 3	13	Byes 9, 1 byes 3, wides 5, 2 no balls	
Total	71	Total	

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

UNITED STATES—First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No balls.
H Wright	92	43	5	4	0	
Gibbes	90	55	5	6	0	
Second Innings.						
Gibbes	24	12	1	0	0	
H Wright	24	15	0	0	0	
Sadler	56	22	5	5	2	
Creighton	56	16	8	5	1	
CANADA—First Innings.						
Cholmley	64	15	12	3	0	
Hamilton	71	37	8	5	0	
Pemberton	20	6	3	0	0	
Second Innings.						
Cholmley	82	37	7	1	1	
Hamilton	132	40	17	3	1	
Slade	32	14	3	0	0	
Pemberton	24	5	4	1	3	

Umpires—Messrs. Vinton and Senior.
Scorers—Messrs. Ford and Cook.

ST. GEORGE VS. MILITARY OF CANADA.—At the conclusion of the match on Thursday, the Canadians deeming it doubtful whether they would be in Canada next season to play the return game, and also feeling sanguine of a victory in another encounter with the same eleven, challenged them to play the return game on Friday and Saturday, and this the States eleven accepted, and the announcement of the match was made. Friday, however, it rained all day, although the Canadians were on the ground in the morning, anxious for the stoppage of rain to commence play, but it did not hold up, and as the prognostics were that it would rain for two or three days, several of the Canadians returned to Montreal that night, among them Lord Clinton and Lieut. Patten, the latter's absence materially weakening the Canadian eleven. The weather proving fine on Saturday, and the rain having improved the ground considerably, it was finally decided to get up a match of one day's play, the contesting elevens being an eleven of the St. George club on one side, and eleven, composed of nine of the Canadians and [illegible]

udson and Sadler, of the New York club, on the other, the tch being St. George vs. Military of Canada, with Hudson and dler given. This was a capitally arranged match for the St. orge club, as it gave them everything to win and nothing to se, for even if they were defeated it would be no great dis- edit, and should they win, it would be a triumph indeed. At 12:15 the Canadians went to the bat, Capt. Phillips and Hud- n being their first representatives, Gibbes and H. Wright ending to the bowling. The score had been run up to 9, hen Gibbes, who noticed that Hudson was inclined to forward y, gave him one short, and Hudson popped it up, the ball be- easily taken by H. Wright, near the wicket. The ball first uck his knee, and then glanced off his bat, and two or three pposed that he was not out in consequence; but they strangely sinterpreted rule 16 that thought so. Wm. C. Bent was next, d for the following eight overs he and Capt. Phillips played ll together. The score was increased by them to 25, Capt. Phil- s' being the 2d wicket to fall, who was finely caught by Gibbes, o ran from slip to near cover point for the ball. Capt. Phillips' had 2 threes in it—a leg hit and a drive—and his singles were ely obtained, the good fielding preventing them from being ubles. Sadler took his place, but he had only got a single hen he gave Bailey a chance for a catch, which was well taken. phinstone was next, but the first ball from H. Wright sent him ck, the 4th wicket falling for 29 only. Pemberton followed m, and had scored two leg hits for doubles, and one for a cut, hen he stopped a straight ball with his legs, and he also had to tire, the 5th wicket going down for 38. This was a style of play at the Canadians did not anticipate, and Hamilton went in to deem the credit of the eleven, it being his day for a score, and had Bent for a partner for a few overs, Bent having, in the terim, been engaged in adding to the score in a very creditable manner, his 19 being well made up by 3 threes—two drives d a leg hit—a two, and some capital singles. Bent was finely ught at wicket by S. Wright, the position being a novel one to mmy. Slade followed Bent, but had only contributed a ive for 2, when a fine bailer from Gibbes caused him give place to Beresford, who in turn had to succumb to a ooter from H. Wright the next over, his wicket, the 8th, falling r 54. Cholmley was his successor, and in the next six overs aterially assisted Hamilton to change the previously unpleasant mplexion of the score. He was in over twenty minutes before allowed Gibbes to remove his bails, his score being 5 only, ut well made. Hamilton had, in the interim, seen displaying his abilities as a batsman to some effect, marking his score with wo fours—splendid leg hits—a fine draw to leg for 3, 2 twos and ingles, and by way of a finishing stroke he made a fine drive off arry Wright for 5, after which the loss of his partner, Cook, for score of 2 from a leg hit, left him to carry his bat out, his score eing 24, in making which he gave but one chance, which Waller ailed to accept, and that only after he had scored 19. The nnings closed with a score of 82, of which 73 were off the bat, he extras being but 9, thanks to the good long stopping of P. obinson and the accurate bowling of Gibbes and Wright. The ielding of the St. George eleven was very creditable indeed, all being more or less active and efficient.

At 2:15 St. George sent in Waller and P. Robinson to the owling of Pemberton and Hamilton. The latter long stopped n brilliant style off Pemberton's swift bowling, and Capt. Phillips discharged the duties of wicket keeper with equal efficiency. The second over of Pemberton's sent Waller away for a score of 3 singles, Ford being his successor. Ford was expected to follow suit, instead of which he played boldly against the pacers of Pemberton, and the slows of Hamilton, defending his stumps well from the one, and scoring runs by good leg hits from the other, his last hit being a fine drive, off Hamilton, for 4, his total being 9. "Dinner" was then called, after which H. Wright went in with Robinson, the latter keeping up his wicket well, but only scored 3 singles, being finally caught in good style at wicket by Capt Phillips. Harry did not long make a stand against Pemberton, a shooter causing him to draw a blank for his score. Harry's wicket was the 4th that had fallen, the score being but 22. Sam. Wright had taken Robinson's place and Gibbes that of H. Wright, and the score had been increased to 40, when a "worker" from Hamilton, that rather astonished the veteran, caused him to retire in favor of his son George, a pretty draw to leg for 3 being Sammy's contribution. George soon followed his father, being easily caught at slip by Bull, who was fielding in place of Hudson, his wicket—the 6th—falling for 40. Capt. Laing was his successor and faced Gibbes for an over or two, after which Gibbes was mastered by Pemberton, his score being the best of the innings, consisting of a beauty to leg for 4, 2 twos, and singles, his wicket falling for 42. Capt. Laing batted well for 6, seeing out Bailey, prettily caught by Elphinstone at square leg, and Bage, beautifully caught by Hamilton off his own bowling, Hindhaugh carrying his bat out for 5, in which a drive for 4 was conspicuous, Capt. Laing being a victim of Hamilton's fine length balls. The score from the bat was but 42, of which Gibbes and Ford made 19. The extras were 23, the wides and no balls being charged to Pemberton, who nevertheless was well on the wicket, his bowling being very effective in the majority of his overs, as was that of Hamilton, the latter taking 7 wickets for 29 runs.

At 4:50 the Canadians went in for their second innings, Captain Phillips and Elphinstone leading off against the same bowlers as before. It being apparent that the second innings of the St. George could not be played for want of time, and that the victory would therefore remain with the Canadians, neither party played in this innings as they would have done had the case been different, the Canadians going in for free hitting, regardless of consequences, and the St. George being less careful in their fielding than before. Capt. Phillips, however, was an exception, for he played carefully throughout, and batted in a style that placed him in the front rank of his eleven. For nearly two hours did he defend his wicket in the most skillful manner, besides scoring the best made 33 of the week's play, he putting on a fine finish by making a magnificent forward drive for 6, sending the ball over the stone wall that bounds the field on the Southern side. He had previously added two fours by fine leg hits, the drive and one of the latter being off Waller, who went on to bowl after Gibbes had retired; there were also 2 threes and a two in his score, all fair hits. Elphinstone contributed 14 in brilliant style, by driving the ball finely for a 4, a 3, and twos, he being well caught by D. Wright, who fielded for Bage at mid off. Cholmley, Slade and Cook were neatly stumped by Harry Wright, off Waller's bowling, which they went out at to finish, and Harry caught Beresford at wicket in good style. Captain Phillips was the last to retire, neither Hudson nor Sadler going in, Waller catching the gallant Captain out, he having popped one up for that purpose off H. Wright, leaving Bent to carry his bat out for 7, in which were a 3 drive and 2 cut. The total score was 81 for 8 wickets, 73 of which were off the bat, the extras being 7. At six o'clock, play was ended, the Canadians thus winning by the result of the first innings. We append the score of this very interesting game.

CANADA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Capt Phillips c Gibbes b H Wright	14	c Waller b H Wright	33
Hudson c S Wright b Gibbes	1	absent	0
Bent c H Wright b Gibbes	19	not out	7
Sadler c Bailey b Gibbes	1	absent	0
T D Elphinstone b H Wright	0	c Bage b H Wright	14
Capt Pemberton l b w b Gibbes	5	c and b H Wright	3
F H Hamilton not out	24	b H Wright	0
Capt Slade b Gibbes	2	st H Wright b Waller	4
Capt Beresford b H Wright	0	c H Wright b Waller	6
H Cholmley b Gibbes	5	st H Wright b Waller	4
T D Cooke b H Wright	2	st H Wright b Waller	2
Byes 7, wides 2	9	Byes 2, wides 6	8
Total	82	Total	81

ST. GEORGE.

Waller b Pemberton	3	Capt Laing b Hamilton	6
P Robinson c Phillipps b Hamilton	3	Bailey c Elphinstone b Hamilton	3
Ford b Hamilton	9	Bage c and b Hamilton	0
H Wright b Pemberton	0	Hindhaugh not out	5
Gibbes b Pemberton	10	Byes 5, l b 7, w 9, n b 2	23
S Wright b Hamilton	3		
G Wright c Bull b Hamilton	0	Total	65

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

CANADA.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.
Pemberton	78	13	8	3	9	3
Hamilton	78	29	2	7	0	0

ST. GEORGE—First Innings.

Gibbes	108	46	4	6	0	0
H Wright	104	27	3	4	2	0

Second Innings.

Gibbes	42	21	1	0	0	0
H Wright	70	26	2	4	5	0
Waller	30	26	0	4	0	0

Umpires—For St. George, Mr. Vinton; for Canada, Mr. Miller. Scorers—For St. George, Mr. Harper; for Canada, Mr. Chadwick.

The time of the first match of four innings, actual time engaged in play, was six hours and twenty-five minutes; and of the second match, of three innings, four hours and ten minutes. Thus three days were consumed in playing innings that required but ten hours and a half's time.

CRICKETERS VS. BALL PLAYERS.—The return match between the cricketers of the St. George Club and the Greenbury base ball club, will take place on the St. George ground on Wednesday the 17th inst., game to begin at 1 P. M. This bids fair to be quite an amusing and interesting contest.

Why does not the New York club try their skill with some base ball organization?

CRICKET AT AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—The match between the city club of Albany and the Amsterdam club, was played on Tuesday Sept. 9th, at Amsterdam. The city club was the victors with seven wickets to go down.

CRICKET AT TROY, N. Y.—The return match between the Rensselaer county club and the Cohoes club, came off on the grounds of the former on Saturday, Sept. 6, and terminated in favor of the Rensselaer club with eight wickets to fall.

CRICKET AT EAST BRAINTREE, MASS.—The return match between the Union Cricket Club, of East Braintree, and the Dorchester Club, was played on the ground of the former on Saturday 6th inst., and ended in the favor of East Braintree by 24 runs. The following is the score: East Braintree, 1st innings, 28; 2d innings, 50; total, 78. Dorchester, 1st innings, 19; 2d innings, 35; total, 54. The bowling of C. Hunt and C. Mixer was good, but the superior bowling of G. Eastwood was admired by all. The batting of W. Weaver and A. Taylor was excellent.

SATELLITE VS FAVORITA.—These clubs played a game of cricket together on Thursday, Sept. 11th, the result being a victory of the cricket club over their base ball playing opponents, the score of the Satellites in one innings exceeding that of the Favoritas in two by 47. Hurring and T. Sammond led the score on the Satellite side, and Walton and Watson took all the wickets of their opponents. Reeves 12, and Brown and Tappan's 4 each, were the best scores on the Favorita side. Cooper took 7 wickets and Brown three. The game was heartily enjoyed by all. We append the score:—

SATELLITE.

Watson b Cooper	2	Philpot b Brown	2
Walton c Buckman b Cooper	9	T Sammond not out	11
Hurring c Chichester b Cooper	13	Till b Cooper	2
Fuller b Cooper	6	Metcalfe c Allen b Cooper	0
Palin c Allen b Cooper	6	Byes 7, wides 2	9
Wilson b Brown	6		
Hackley c and b Brown	8	Total	73

FAVORITA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Allen b Watson	0	c and b Watson	1
Chichester c Hurring b Walton	0	b Watson	0
Cooper b Watson	0	c Palin b Watson	0
Rowe c Fuller b Watson	12	b Walton	0
F Kalbfleisch b Watson	0	b Watson	0
Slocum b Watson	0	b Watson	0
Tisdale b Watson	2	c Hurring b Walton	1
Tappan b Walton	0	c and b Walton	4
Buckman b Walton	0	c Palin b Walton	0
Gross not out	0	not out	0
Brown b Walton	1	run out	4
Bye	1		
Total	16	Total	10

Umpires—Messrs. Saville and Dr. Owens.

EAST WILLIAMSBURG VS NEW YORK.—These clubs played their first game together, on Monday, Sept. 8th, on the New York grounds. The result—decided by the score of the first innings—being a victory for New York, by a score of 102 to 66. In the second innings, New York added 94 to their score, and East Williamsburgh 19, with the loss of one wicket, the withdrawal of stumps at 6, P. M., closing further proceedings. Plumer made the good score of 37 (not out) on the New York side, and Moore and Tyler batted well for their scores, Suydam doing the best bowling of the match. Woodhouse and T. Saville made the best scores on the other side. The game was quite an enjoyable one, as all the New York second eleven matches are. We give the score:—

NEW YORK.		EAST WILLIAMSBURGH.	
Hall run out	3	T Saville b Suydam	12
Moore b Pink	13	G Saville b Moore	8
Tyler c Hadfield b Pink	0	Pink b Suydam	3
Suydam c Hill b Mudie	3	Mudie b Suydam	2
Seely b Pink	10	Woodhouse b Suydam	14
Plumer not out	37	Willshaw b Suydam	0
Shaw b Woodhouse	8	Hill c McCutcheon b Tyler	9
Parker b Woodhouse	0	H Hadfield not out	5
McCutcheon b Woodhouse	3	Robertson b Suydam	1
Simpson b Mudie	2	J Hadfield b Suydam	0
Hazard b Mudie	5	Byes 1, leg byes 5, wides 5	11
Byes 6, wides 12	18		
Total	102	Total	66

Umpires—Messrs. Hammond and Crossley.

CRICKET AT PHILADELPHIA.—A match game was played between the first elevens of the Chippewa and Osceola cricket clubs, on the grounds of the St. George's club, on the 11th of August, and finished on the 8th of September, resulting in a victory for the Chippewa by 73 runs, as per score appended:—

CHIPPEWA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Pratt b Bull	25	b Bull	9
Malone run out	1	b Dodson	21
Hurley b Bull	33	b Bull	6
Lownes b Bull	2	l b w b	8
Barlow not out	21	c Sloan b Bull	18
Welsh b Bull	0	b Johns	13
Whelan b Dodson	0	b Bull	1
Stockton b Dodson	0	not out	1
Merrill c Case b Dodson	2	b Johns	0
Wallace absent	0	c Duncan b Dodson	32
Davis absent	0	b Johns	9
Byes 6, leg byes 2, wides 17	25	Byes 14, leg bye 1, wides 10	25
Total	109	Total	143

OSCEOLA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Clarke b Pratt	17	b Pratt	6
Vaughn b Hurley	5	b Pratt	6
Bridges c Merrill b Hurley	0	b Pratt	8
Case c and b Pratt	10	run out	1
Dodson c Hurley b Pratt	4	c Hurley b Pratt	6
Bull l b w b Hurley	3	b Pratt	7
Hubbard c Wheelan b Hurley	7	b Pratt	5
Sloan b Hurley	1	c Wallace b Barlow	11
King l b w b Hurley	15	b Pratt	7
Johns b Hurley	0	not out	12
Lane not out	1	c and b Pratt	5
Byes 11, leg bye 1, wides 7	19	Byes 15, wides 8	23
Total	82	Total	97

SINGLE WICKET.—A single wicket cricket match was played on the grounds of the St. George Cricket Club, at Hoboken, on Friday, the 5th inst., between Mr. Bailey, the well known hard hitter and fast underhand bowler, and young George Wright, a son of the veteran, Sam Wright. Bailey won the toss, and sent George to the bat, where he ran up a score of twenty, including 3 twos, and singles, a shooter finally taking his wicket. Mr. Bailey then tried his hand at the bat, and scored nine, made up by 3 twos and singles. George went in for his second innings and made the excellent score of twenty-two, including one four, one three, and three twos, when the indomitable Bailey gave up the game. The play of both was good, particularly the winner's, and the battle pleased the lookers on much. We append the score:—

George Wright b Baily, 20, not out 22 42
Bailey run out 9, wide 1 10

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

[illegible]ey 68 balls, 20 runs; and 48 balls, 22 runs.
[illegible]right 33 balls, 9 runs, wide 1.
Umpires—Messrs. Laing and Sam Wright.
Scorer—C. E. Maxwell.

CRICKET IN NOVA SCOTIA.—A cricket match was played at Truro, on Wednesday, Aug. 20, between the Thistle club of Halifax, and the Pictonians. The latter made 42 in the first and 40 in the second innings; and the Thistle 89 in the first innings, thus winning by one innings and seven runs to spare.

BALL PLAY.

GREAT GAME OF CROQUET.
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MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

The Championship match, between the Atlantic and Eckford, will take place on Thursday, Sept. 18th, the day having been changed from Friday, the 19th. It will be played on the Union Ball Ground, East Brooklyn, at 3, P. M.

On the 16th, the Atlantics go to Harlem to play the Harlem club.

On the 29th, the third game between the Mutuals and Atlantics will be played on the Union Ground.

CHALLENGE.—The heavy weights of Brooklyn have challenged any nine New York can bring against them, provided the aggregate weight of the nine is not less than 1800 lbs. The Brooklyn nine is composed of Messrs. Smith, Sniffin, Lamphiere, and Thwait, —all of whom weigh over 200—and VanPelt, Beard, Burr, Campbell and Babcock, who all weigh over 180 lbs., the aggregate weight of the nine being over 1800.

HENRY ECKFORD VS HARLEM.—The first game this season, between these clubs, took place at Harlem, on Friday, August 29th, the result being a victory for the Harlems, by a score of 17 to 14. It was a closely contested game, and a creditable victory for the Harlems. Being engaged in reporting a match at Morrisania the same day, we are unable to give more than the score:—

BATTING.

HENRY ECKFORD.	H.	L.	RUNS.	HARLEM.	H.	L.	RUNS.
H Dalton, 1st b	6		0	Hudson, c	2		3
Snow, c f	2		2	Birdsall, p	2		3
Dr Bell, p	1		3	Wood, l f	4		1
Saunders, 2d b	3		1	Page, 2d b	3		1
Patterson, c	3		2	Rooney, 3d b	4		1
Foster, r f	3		2	Graff, s s	2		3
T Dalton, 3d b	2		1	Marsh, 1st b	2		3
Stellwagen, s s	3		2	Rowe, c f	3		2
Dietz, l f	4		1	Thompson, r f	5		0
Total	14			Total	17		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harlem	1	1	1	8	0	1	2	1	2	—17
Henry Eckford	4	1	3	0	2	2	1	1	0	—14

Umpire—Mr. Shipman, of the Alpine.

GOTHAM VS. HARLEM.—The Gothams visited the Harlem grounds on Sept. 4th, with quite a strong team of players, and there engaged in a contest with the full strength of the Harlems, the result being that they left a ball in the afore-mentioned village, that they originally intended to bring away with them as an addition to the balls they have recently won from the Mutuals and Charter Oaks. Somehow or other they played at random on the field, wild throws, miscatches, and passed balls, being the prominent features of their fielding. In batting they did well, but even in that there was room for improvement. On the Harlem side everything was lovely and the ball hung high out of the reach of the Gothams. Their batting was capital, and their general play in the field first-rate, Hudson, Page, and Marsh especially, doing yeoman service in putting out players. The Harlems have now a first-rate nine at command, and hence we presume they intend postponing making any further presentation speeches, preferring to have them delivered by their opponents. We think they are now in a condition to reclaim the ball left at Morrisania, and hope soon to see them make the effort. The score of the match is given below:—

BATTING.

HARLEM.	H.	L.	RUNS.	GOTHAM.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Hudson, c	1		5	Thorn, p	4		1*
Birdsall, p	4		2	Squires, s s	3		2
Marsh, 1st b	3		3	Burtis, c f	2		2
Page, 2d b	1		5	Sweet, r f	3		2
Rooney, 3d b	0		5	McKever, 1st b	4		1
Graff, s s	3		3	Turner, 2d b	3		0
Kettleman, l f	5		1	Cohen, c	1		3
Rowe, c f	5		2	VanCott, 3d b	2		2
Thompson, r f	2		3	Vincellette, l f	2		2
Total	29			Total	15		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harlem	4	0	0	9	5	0	5	6	.	—29
Gotham	0	3	7	2	1	0	2	0	.	—15

Passed balls—Cohen, 7; Hudson, 2.
Home runs—Vincellette, 1; Squires, 1; VanCott, 1; Hudson, 2; Marsh, 1; Page, 1.
Struck out—Graff, 1.
Fly catches missed—Cohen, 2; Burtis, 1; Squires, 3; Rooney, 1.
Bound catches missed—Page, 1; Burtis, 1; Squires, 1; Turner, 1.
Run out between bases—Kettleman, by Squires; McKever, by Page and Rooney.
Fly catches made—McKever, 1; Cohen, 3; VanCott, 2; Marsh, 1.
Time of game—3 hours.
Put out on foul balls—Gothams, 3 times; Harlems, 5 times.
Umpire—Dr. Bell, of the Henry Eckford.

MUTUAL VS HARLEM.—The Mutuals obtained their first victory at Hoboken this season, on the 8th of September, it being in their first match with the Harlem club, the Mutuals winning by a score of 47 to 16. This signal success was the result of their splendid batting in the early part of the game, when, in the second and third innings they scored no less than 24 runs, 9 in the second, and 15 in the third. The fielding on both sides was good, and the Harlems batted well, also, their play in the last six innings being but little inferior to that of their opponents, as they scored 14 on the last six innings to 22 on the Mutual's side. We are so crowded for space, this week, that we have to refer for further particulars to the full score given below:—

BATTING.

HARLEM.	H.	L.	RUNS.	MUTUAL.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Hudson, c	1		3	Brown, 2d b	3		6
Birdsall, p	4		1	Zeller, l f	3		6
Marsh, 1st b	2		3	Dewey, s s	6		2
Page, 2d b	4		1	Wansley, c	3		5
Rooney, 3d b	2		3	Harris, c f	2		6
Graff, s s	3		2	McMahon, 3d b	1		7
Fink, l f	6		0	Burns, p	6		2
Rowe, c f	2		2	Goldie, 1st b	2		6
Thompson, r f	3		1	Bogart, r f	1		7
Total	16			Total	47		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harlem	2	0	0	0	3	3	4	1	3	—16
Mutual	1	9	15	2	1	6	6	1	6	—47

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.		Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Hudson	2	1	0	3	Brown	1	0	3	4
Birdsall	1	0	0	1	Zeller	0	0	0	0
Marsh	2	0	6	8	Dewey	0	2	0	2
Pope	1	2	0	3	Wansley	0	3	0	3
Rooney	0	4	0	4	Harris	0	0	0	0
Graff	1	1	0	2	McMahon	1	2	1	4
Fink	0	3	1	4	Burns	0	0	2	2
Rowe	0	0	0	0	Goldie	0	1	9	10
Thompson	0	1	0	1	Bogart	0	1	0	1
Totals	7	12	7	26	Totals	2	9	15	26

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Hudson	0	1	0	0	0	0
Birdsall	0	0	3	0	0	1
Marsh	0	0	1	0	0	1
Page	0	2	0	1	0	1
Rooney	0	0	1	0	0	0
Graff	0	0	1	1	0	0
Fink	0	1	2	0	2	1
Rowe	1	0	1	0	0	0
Thompson	0	2	0	1	0	0
Totals	1	6	9	3	2	4

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Brown	0	3	0	0	0	0
Zeller	2	0	0	0	0	0
Dewey	0	2	3	0	0	1
Wansley	0	1	0	0	0	2
Harris	0	2	0	0	0	0
McMahon	0	0	1	0	0	0
Burns	1	0	2	0	1	1
Goldie	1	1	0	0	0	0
Bogart	0	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	4	10	6	0	1	5

Passed balls—Wansley, 3; McMahon, 2; Hudson, 5; Rooney, 3.
Home runs—McMahon, 3; Brown, 2; Wansley, 1; Harris, 1; Goldie, 1.
Struck out—Burns, 1; Rooney, 1.
Fly catches missed—Fink, 1.
Bound catches missed—Brown, 1; Goldie, 1; Fink, 1; Thompson, 1; Hudson, 1; Rooney, 1.
Left on bases—Hudson, 1; Rowe, 2.
Put out at home base—Graff, by McMahon.
Time of game—three hours.
Umpire—A Mills, of the Eckford.

FAVORITA VS BROOKLYN.—The return match between these clubs came off on Wednesday, 10th inst., on the grounds of the latter, resulting in victory for the Favoritas. The game was terminated by darkness, at the end of the seventh innings. We give the following score:

BATTING.

FAVORITA.	H.	L.	RUNS.	BROOKLYN.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Allen, s s	3		5	Truslow, c	5		1
Laungene, 2d b	2		6	Brown, s s	3		2
F Kalbfleisch, c f	3		4	Bartlett, 1st b	3		3
M Chichester, 1st b	4		4	Byrne, 3d b	1		5
Buckman, 3d b	2		4	Duxbury, c f	4		2
A Kalbfleisch, p	1		6	Robbins, 2d b	1		4
Moller, c	4		6	Yates, p	2		4
C Cooper, l f	1		6	Burr, l f	1		5
Tisdale, r f	1		5	Tapley, r f	1		5
Total	43			Total	31		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Favorita	4	3	7	11	6	1	11	.	.	—43
Brooklyn	1	5	12	4	2	4	4	.	.	—31

BASE BALL AT HAMILTON, C. W.—A base ball match took place there on the 5th inst., between the Barton and West Flamboro' clubs which resulted as recorded in the appended score:

BATTING.

BARTON.	H.	L.	RUNS.	WEST FLAMBORO'.	H.	L.	RUNS.
J Snyder	1		6	P Hanes	3		2
E Horning	4		3	W Miller	2		2
T Davis	2		6	W Hanes	4		1
John Rousseaux	3		6	J Gallavin	2		2
Jas Munn	3		4	A Hanes	4		2
Wm Rousseaux	3		4	T McNulty	3		2
J Horning	4		3	F Coehner	3		1
Jas Rousseaux	5		1	J Hanes	3		3
Wm Davis	2		3	J Coehner	3		2
Total	36			Total	17		

Umpire—W. Shuttleworth, of Maple Leaf club.
Scorers—R. J. Tackabury, for Barton; J. Sanderson, for West Flamboro'.

CONSTELLATION VS. STAR.—The first nines of these clubs played together for the first time on Wednesday, the 27th ult., the result being a signal victory for the Stars, who played one of their strongest games, both in batting and fielding. The score;—

BATTING.

CONSTELLATION.	H.	L.	RUNS.	STAR.	H.	L.	RUNS.
H. Thomas, p	3		1	Waddell, 1st b	2		5
Smith, 3d b	3		0	Snediker, s s	5		2
Germond, 1st b	4		0	Galpin, 2d b	2		5
Carruthers, s s	3		1	Henry, r f	4		3
Sutton, l f	4		0	Morris, c	2		5
Moger, 3d b	2		0	Manley, 3d b	2		4
G. Thoms, c	4		0	Chilton, p	4		3
Redfield, r f	2		1	Thomson, l f	3		3
Lockwood, c f	2		1	Mitchell, c f	3		1
Total	4			Total	31		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Constellation	1	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	—4
Star	1	2	6	5	6	7	2	2	0	—31

Umpire—George Flanly, of the Excelsior club.

GOTHAM VS EAGLE.—These clubs played their great match together this season on the Gotham's ground, on Tuesday, Sept. 9th, the result being a victory for the Gothams, by a score of 17 to 16, in a game of eight innings. The ninth was nearly finished, the Eagles having been put out for nothing, and Sweet, Thorn, Vincellette, and Squires had made runs in the ninth innings of the Gothams, when it became too dark to play, and the game was decided by the last even innings played. The contest was comparatively dull and uninteresting; the only instances of special good play being a beautiful double play by VanCott and Latourette at first and second bases, on the Gotham side, and the same from a splendid fly catch of Salisbury's. The following score gives full particulars, and to that we now refer:—

BATTING.

EAGLE.	H.	L.	RUNS.	GOTHAM.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Yates, l f	3		1	Thorn, p	3		2
Slote, c	3		2	Vincellette, c	4		1
Salisbury, s s	2		3	Squires, s s	2		2
Brinkerhoff, c f	2		3	McKever, 3d b	2		3
Morse, 1st b	2		2	VanCott, 2d b	3		1
Williams, p	4		1	Turner, l f	2		2
Howe, 2d b	2		3	Burtis, c f	3		2
Coursen, 3d b	2		1	Latourette, 1st b	3		2
Curry, r f	4		0	Sweet, r f	2		2
Total	16			Total	17		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eagle	0	1	5	0	3	3	1	3	.	—16
Gotham	3	2	3	0	2	5	0	2	.	—17

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.		Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Yates	1	0	0	1	Thorn	3	0	1	4
Slote	0	4	0	4	Vincellette	0	3	0	3
Salisbury	3	1	0	4	Squires	0	2	0	2
Brinkerhoff	0	4	0	4	McKever	0	2	0	2
Morse	0	0	2	2	VanCott	1	0	2	3
Williams	0	1	0	1	Turner	0	0	0	0
Howes	0	0	2	2	Burtis	0	0	3	3
Courson	1	1	2	2	Latourette	0	0	1	1
Curry	0	1	0	1	Sweet	0	3	0	3
Total	5	12	6	23	Total	4	10	7	21

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Yates	0	2	0	1	0	1
Slote	0	0	2	0	0	0
Salisbury	1	0	0	0	0	1
Brinkerhoff	0	0	0	0	0	0
Morse	0	0	1	1	0	0
Williams	0	1	0	0	0	2
Howe	1	1	0	0	0	0
Coursen	1	1	0	0	0	0
Curry	1	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	4	6	4	2	0	4

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Thorn	1	1	0	0	0	1
Vincellette	0	0	1	0	1	0
Squires	1	0	0	1	0	0
McKever	0	1	1	0	0	0
VanCott	0	2	0

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

JOHN E. OWENS.

Born in Philadelphia, in 1821. Was manager of the Baltimore Museum for several years—the original Jakey in Chanfrau's Mose piece.

Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, August 20th, 1846, as Jack Humphries, in "Turning the Tables," at the Philadelphia Museum, in Masonic Hall building, for the benefit of D. P. Bowers.

On the 26th of June, 1852, he sailed for England, where, after remaining for some time—making the ascent of Mont Blanc—he returned to the United States, September, 1857, and became manager of the New Bedford, Mass., Theatre, which he opened Monday, October 12th, 1857. After a very prosperous season he seceded from the management, and commenced a starring tour through the States, meeting with great success.

It was once remarked of a favorite actor, that he could more readily set the theatre than the table in a roar; and we believe the same observation holds good respecting the greater number of theatrical gentlemen, many persons mistaking them when uttering the *good things* of an author, for uttering the *good things* of their own, and imagine that they possess as much wit behind as before the curtain: but in this they are greatly deceived: our present subject, however, is an exception, for he is distinguished for his convivial powers, his droll stories, puns, repartees, and general whim, which are sure to keep the company alive and in good humor; and not the least recommendation of his facetiousness is, that he seldom if ever mixes with it, satire or malignity.

To follow him through the various scenes which he has witnessed, and to repeat the many *bon mots* he has uttered, would make two volumes alone. We own ourselves incapable, both from a deficiency of knowledge and want of space, to do justice to either; but as he recounts them in company with uncommon glee himself, they can not be altogether unknown to the public.

His is an exquisitely finished piece of acting, unexaggerated, true to nature, and brimfull of honest genuine humor.

MRS. HOEY.

This lady is a sister to Mrs. Charles Howard; her maiden name is Shaw. In June, 1851, was married to Mr. Russell. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, September 21, 1857, at Walnut Street Theatre, as Miss Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer." When or where this lady first made her *debut* we have been unable to learn.

Her peculiar forte is rendering that line of characters in which the manners of the thorough bred lady are required. This being a leading feature in the chiefly domestic range, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the "Modern Standard Drama," she shows to most advantage in the toned elegance and interests of its characters. Yet, in the arch and wayward Beatrice, or the intense and melodramatic Pauline, has she gained the highest praise.

In comedy she is perfectly at home. He who has seen her in the enchanting character of Rosalind, has beheld an exhibition, which, for delicacy, sensibility, and grace, never, perhaps, had its equal. Her tones are so captivating in all the softer scenes,

They give a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

When she answers the Saucy Forrester, her lively manner never leads you to forget the minute elegance of lovely counterfeit. Her walk is very elegant and lady like, and exceedingly well adapted to the profession she has selected, and which we are happy to be enabled to state she is, as far as pecuniary means are concerned, quite independent of. She is noted for being the best dressed actress on the American Stage.

She is the wife of Mr. John Hoey, superintendent of Adams' Express Company, in New York. At present she is attached to Wallack's Theatre, New York, where she has been for a long time, and is a great favorite with the *elite* of this city, who are the frequenters of that splendid place of amusement.

FANNY BROWN.

In Fanny Brown, we introduce a lady who is universally allowed to be one of the most beautiful that ever graced the American stage; each movement of whose rounded and glorious form shows the perfection of its Grecian contour—her classic head and alabaster neck, gracefully curving sideways—while her eyes, dark as the night, beam with lightning flashes of happiness.

"Oh, beautiful! and rare as beautiful."

The symmetry of her countenance and form, the soft fascination of her smile, and the unaffected sweetness of her manner, excite the admiration even of females. But when those personal charms have the addition of great talents as an actress to recommend them, they become irresistible.

This lady was married September 7, 1856, in New York, to Mr. Fred. Buckley, Violinist, of Buckley's Serenaders. Separated from her husband. In 1859, she was the reigning favorite of the Howard Athenæum, Boston. During the fall season of 1860, she was at John Owens' Varieties, New Orleans, where she was the "observed of all observers." During Mr. John S. Clarke's engagement at the Winter Garden, she made her first appearance in New York, at that theatre, in November, 1861, as Dora Sunnyside, in Bourcicault's play of "The Octoroon."

THOMAS C. GREEN,

Born in Dover, N. H., 1832. Made his first appearance on the stage in 1851, at Collier's Adelphi, San Francisco, as Valare, in the farce of "The Secret." Opened in Boston at the New National Theatre in 1856. Here he remained but a short time, when he became a member of the Howard Athenæum. From here he went to Charleston, S. C., with John Sloan. First appeared in Philadelphia, at the National, under John Drew's management, May, 1857. During the last season of E. A. Marshall at the Walnut, he became attached to that establishment, where he remains. Mr. Green is a very promising young man, and if he will but devote his time to hard study, he will doubtless become a good actor.

WILLIAM H. WALLIS,

Born in London, Eng., December 29, 1825. Made his *debut*, November 29, 1849, at Washington Theatre, D. C., as Capt. Mowbray, in "Lear of Private Life." First appeared in Philadelphia, July 30, 1850, at Barnum's Museum, as King Charles, in "Don Cæsar de Bazan."

Mr. W. is one of the most reliable and useful members of the profession. In second rate Old Men he is very clever. His countenance is strongly marked with intelligence and expression, his voice good—soft, plaintive, and harmonious. In characters of this description he is highly respectable, and but seldom or ever over-acts the parent or guardian. Is at present connected with the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he has been some time.

MR. DUBOIS.

This gentleman was a member of the Walnut Street Theatre Company, Philadelphia, during the season of 1859-60. In person he appears naturally good, and his features flexible and expressive. His fate, however, wants discipline, if we may be allowed the term. A man by study makes a face actually expressive, obedient to all the feelings of the soul, and as he employs his features first in expressing the simple emotions of the mind, he will soon find his muscles relax or brace, according to the feelings that stimulate this motion. With us the judicious application of an Actor's face is almost everything; it constitutes one of the grand qualities of fine acting, and the performer who has not the advantage of expressive features, may be useful in the group, but he never will be eminent.

Mr. Dubois is, however, a very useful member of the profession, and during the past season or two, has improved very much—quick in study, thoroughly comprehending his business, well educated and easy in his portraiture, he cannot fail to become a good actor. At present attached to the Walnut, Philadelphia.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 346.

From the Era.

BY EUGENE B. COOK.

An exquisitely finished composition.

at his 3, K B 7, K 4, K 7, Q Kt 4th, Q B 4th.

at his 4th, at K 3d, at Q Kt 2d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

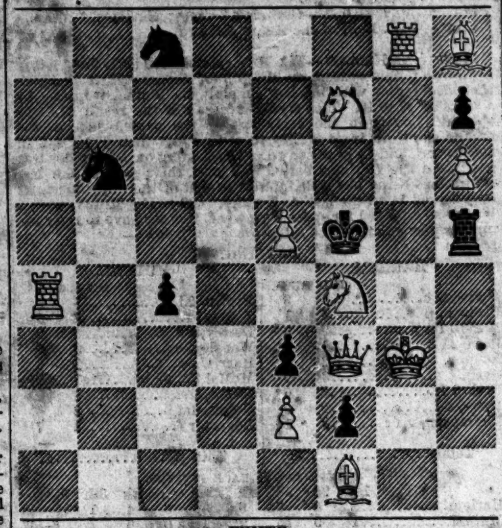
PROBLEM No. 346.

A masterpiece from the CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.

"Qui Perseverat Succedit."

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

GAME No. 346.

Between our contributors Jas. A. Leonard and D. Eugene Delmar, at the Morphy Chess Rooms.

DAMIANO GAMBIT EVADED.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Delmar.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Delmar.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. P to Q R 4	Q B to his 5
2. K Kt-B 3	P-K B 3	17. Q-her B 2	P-K Kt 4
3. K Kt × P	Q-K 2	18. Q B-Kt 3	K B-Q 3
4. K Kt-B 3	Q × K P +	19. K Kt-Q 2	P-K R 4
5. K B-K 2	P-Q 4	20. K-Kt × B	Q P × Kt
6. Castles	K B-K 2	21. P-Q R 5 (b)	Q-Kt 4
7. Q Kt-B 3	Q-K 3	22. P-Q R 6	P-Q Kt 3 (c)
8. P-Q 4	Q Kt-B 3	23. Q-K 4	P-Q B 3
9. K B-Kt 5	Q B-Q 2	24. Q-K 6 +	K-Q B 2
10. K R-K sq	Q-her 3	25. Q B 7 +	Q B-Q 2
11. Q Kt-K 2	Castles	26. Q B × B +	K × Q B
12. Q B-B 4	Q-her Kt 5	27. Q-B 8 +	K-Q B 2
13. K B × Kt	Q B × B	28. Q-her R 8	K-Q 3
14. P-Q B 3	Q-her Kt 3	29. K-Kt 3	R-Q B 2, and
15. P-Q Kt 4	Q B-Kt 4 (a)	Attack mates in 3 moves.	

Notes, by J. A. Leonard.

(a) A bad move—since it affords an opportunity for the early advance of the adverse pawns.

(b) Checking at K B 5th, and advancing the pawns to Kt 5th and R 5th, would also have been advantageous.

(c) If 22. Kt P takes P, then 23. R to R 5th, &c.

The third *partie* of the match between Professor Anderssen and Mr. Paulsen.—*Era.*

EVANS GAMBIT.

Prof Anderssen.	Mr. Paulsen.	Prof Anderssen.	Mr. Paulsen.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4 (d)	31. Q to her B sq	Q Kt to R 3
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	32. K B-Q 3	Q Kt-Kt 5
3. K B-B 4	K B-B 4	33. Q R-K 2	Q-her Kt 3
4. P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	34. K B-Kt sq	Q R-R 5
5. P-Q B 3	K B-B 4	35. K-Kt 2	P-Q Kt 5
6. Castles	P-Q 3	36. P-K 5	K Kt × P
7. P-Q 4	K P × P	37. Q-B 4 (k)	Q B-K 3
8. B P × P	K B-Kt 3	38. Q-her 3	P-K B 4
9. P-Q 5	Q Kt-R 4	39. K P × P	P-Q B 5
10. Q B-Kt 2	K Kt-K 2	40. Q-her 4	Q × Q
11. K B-Q 3	Castles	41. Q B × Q	Q B-Q 2
12. Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-his 3	42. Kt-Kt 5	Q Kt-B 3
13. Q Kt-R 4 (e)	P-Q B 4	43. Q R-K 5	P-Q B 6
14. Q Kt × B	R P × Kt	44. K B-Q 3	Q R-R 7 +
15. Q-her 2	P-K B 3	45. Q R-K 2	Q B × B +
16. Q R-B sq	Q B-Q 2	46. K B × R	P-Q Kt 7
17. Q B-R sq	P-Q Kt 4	47. K R-K sq	K R-R 8
18. Q-her Kt 2	P-Q Kt 5	48. R-Q Kt sq	K B × R (l)
19. K R-K sq	P-Q Kt 4	49. K B × R	P-Q Kt 6
20. K B-home	Q-K 2	50. K B-Q 3	R-Q Kt 4
21. P-K Kt 3	Q R-his 2	51. K B × B P	P Queens
22. K Kt-Q 2	K R-R sq (f)	52. K B × Q	P-Q B 7
23. Q-Kt sq	Q Kt-his 2	53. B × B P	Kt P × B
24. Q R-B 2	Q Kt-Q sq	54. B-Q Kt 2	Kt-Q Kt 5
25. P-K B 4	Kt-K B 2	55. P-K R 6	K Kt-Q 6
26. Kt-B 3 (g)	P-Kt 6 (h)	56. B-Q R 3	Kt P × P
27. R-K B 2 (i)	Q B × P	57. Kt-K B 3	P Queens
28. Q B-Kt 2	Q-home	58. Q B × Q	K Kt × B
29. P-K R 4	Q-her B 2	59. K Kt-K 5	K Kt-Q 6
30. P-K K 5	K Kt-R 2	60. K-his B 3	Kt-Q B 4, and
Professor Anderssen resigns.			

(d) It is but just to mention that Mr. Paulsen in his match games with Herr A. boldly played open games. "Conscious power makes him daring."

(e) We do not approve of this line of attack; the move was, no doubt, made with the object of preventing the Defence from playing Kt to K 4th, but it appears to us that Kt to K 2d, instead, would have accomplished the same object, with the additional advantage of having K Kt in capital play.

(f) We invite the attention of our readers to this move, which is the commencement of a most masterly combination.

(g) A bad move; it loses an important pawn.

(h) Not failing to take full advantage of Herr A.'s weak play.

(i) It is evident that he cannot take pawn with either P or Q without incurring the loss of a piece.

(k) P to K 6th would have led to a fine attacking game.

(l) P to Kt 6th would have been the speedier road to victory.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. PERRIN, Toledo, Ohio.—Good boy! and very fine pun!

C. ALLEN, Roxbury, Conn.—The last one this week. Again—if you please.

A. L. HUGGINS, Baltimore, Md.—Thanks for the last three favors. Keep open the communication.

C. A. DECON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Did you obtain a copy of the A. S. T., of Dr. D.?

MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.—This sketch, which appeared in a recent number of one of our city contemporaries, without credit, was written for the CLIPPER by Martin, one of our Draught contributors, and originally published in the CLIPPER in 1855.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 23—VOL. X.

BY C. ALLEN.

White.		Black.	
1. 16	to 11	7	to 16
2. 30	26	31	22
3. 25	18	14	23
4. 8	11	5	14
5. 11	9, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 89th POSITION.

Black.		White.	
1. 6	to 9	13	to 6
2. 15	18, and wins.		

DRAUGHTS IN THE ARMY.

The following game was contested at Frederick City, Md., between F. E. DeCon, (an old Correspondent,) of Co. A, 9th Reg't N. Y. S. M., and Mr. Benson, a member of the same. Communicated by Mr. J. A. DeCon, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

GAME No. 33—VOL. X.

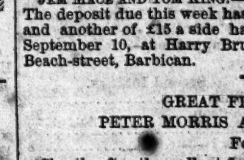
SINGLE CORNER.

Black. F. E. D.	White. Mr. B.	Black. F. E. D.	White. Mr. B.
1. 11 to 15	22 to 18	17. 7 to 10	22 to 18
2. 15 22	25 18	18. 2 6	30 25
3. 8 11	29 25	19. 13 17	18 14
4. 4 8	25 22	20. 17 21	14 7
5. 10 15	24 19	21. 21 30	7 2
6. 15 24	27 20	22. 6 9	2 7
7. 9 13	28 24	23. 30 26	7 16
8. 6 9	32 28	24. 9 14	23 18
9. 7 10	24 19	25. 14 23	16 11
10. 3 7	28 24	26. 8 15	19 10
11. 9 14	18 9	27. 26 22(a)	10 6
12. 5 14	22 18	28. 23 27	6 1
13. 1 5	18 9	29. 27 32	1 6
14. 5 14	26 22	30. 32 28	24 19
15. 14 17	21 14	31. 22 18, and wins.	
16. 10 26	31 22		

POSITION No. 24—Vol. X.

BY C. ALLEN,

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 90th POSITION OF STURGES.

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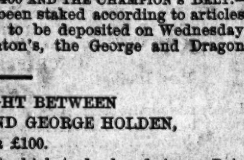

WHITE.

White to move and win.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, August 30.

FIGHTS TO COME.

SEPT. 15.—John Morgan and Aleck Meek—£25 a side, at 9st 10lb, Midland circuit.
30.—Joe Goss and Posh Price—£25 a side, Midland circuit.
30.—T. Osborn and W. Boston's Novice—£10 a side, at 8st 8lb.
OCT. 7.—Hall and Millard—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb, Midland circuit.
NOV. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The deposit due this week has been staked according to articles, and another of £15 a side has to be deposited on Wednesday, September 10, at Harry Brunton's, the George and Dragon, Beach-street, Barbican.

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN PETER MORRIS AND GEORGE HOLDEN,

FOR £100.

Shortly after the gallant fight which took place between Peter Morris, of Birmingham, and Young Hartley, for £25 a side, on May 7, in the present year, and which was quoted by all the sporting press as a wide contrast to the shams that from time to time had been performed for the "sensation" amounts of £200 a side, the admirers of light-weight boxing were agreeably taken by surprise at a notice which appeared in our columns that the conqueror of Hartley had been pitted against Young George Holden (the victor over Charley Lynch,) for £50 a side, at 8st; the mill to take place on Tuesday, August 26, in the London circuit. The match from the commencement created a vast amount of excitement, and of course speculation, in the hardware town and neighborhood. Peter Morris, from the fact of having up to the present time been undefeated in his ten battles, was the favorite in betting, at 6 to 4, which odds were taken freely from time to time by the satellites of the Walsall star. Bob Brettle again took Peter under his fostering care, and, with his friends, found most, if not all, the money for his eight stone pet. The veteran George Holden, the father of the Walsall lad, had the management of his promising scion. Everything went as merry as a marriage bell—the deposits being staked according to the strict tenor of the articles, until the money had been posted, with the exception of the final deposit of £15 a side, when the place of weighing had to be decided upon. At this time, negociations were entered into by the head of affairs at Birmingham for the day of meeting to be altered, not only for prudential reasons, but also in consequence of the 26th falling on the same day as the commencement of Egham and Lichfield races, Bob Brettle having a booth at the latter race-course, and most of the metropolitan ring-goers of consequence having a wish not to miss the mill or the races. The negociation was at length left to the heads of the arrangements in London—viz: the celebrated Alec Keene being the representative of Holden, and Mr. W. Richardson of Peter Morris. The inducements held out were apparently found to be of the most valid description, as the treat was postponed until Thursday. The final deposit of £15 a side was made at Mr. Richardson's, Blue Anchor, Church-street, Shoreditch, on Wednesday, August 20, who was also so fortunate as to win the toss for the place of weighing, which, of course, under the postponement, was fixed to take place on Wednesday, at the above place. The arrangements respecting the starting-point were kept with the utmost secresy, and only a very few of the initiated were able to know with any degree of certainty; and even up to mid-day on Wednesday the whole "programme" was subject to a total change if it should be found requisite or advisable. There was not a very vast amount of interest invested in the mill out of the immediate pugilistic circle in London during the early progress of the match, but as the time drew near, the mere supposition of a good contest being at hand, rendered those "wot love a mill" as keen as ever in the much-vaunted and loudly-bepraised "palmy days of the ring."

Peter Morris was born August 7, 1840, is 5ft. 3in. in height, and weighed on this occasion about 7st 12lbs. He has beaten the following men: Kimberley, Young Bodger, Black, Fielding, Baylis, Dymock, Rafferty, Hartley twice, and Fox. He trained with Joe Wareham, at Mr. Stockley's, the Dog, at Whittington, near Lichfield. George Holden was born February 8, 1842. He is 5f. 3in. in height, and on the present occasion scaled at 7st 13¼lbs. His only previous fight and victory was over Charley Lynch, the American, on May 7, 1862. He trained at his father's house, the Crown and Malt-shovel, Walsall, under the care of Wm. Collins.

The weighing was appointed by the articles to take place the day before fighting, between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M.; and Peter Morris, having won the toss for place, chose Mr. Richardson's as the spot. Mr. Richardson had made every preparation for the event, having erected a permanent stage at one end of his large saloon, where the scales were placed, free from the crowd, and in full view of all. Quiet as the affair had been kept, vehicle after vehicle drew up in Church-street, filled with visitors to the East-end Saloon, on the present occasion. The room shortly before 2 o'clock began to show a very business-like appearance, but offers to lay slight odds on Peter Morris met with no response, and during the time before the weighing began, the respected father of Holden and the proprietor of the establishment, had a few sharp passes of "badinage" respecting the accuracy of the weighing apparatus, and a sharp quest took place for an old penny to weigh against one of the present coinage. However, when the half-hundreds were placed on the scales, the Walsall sceptic gave way gracefully. At this time, the members of the P. R. had assembled in good numbers, among whom we recognised Alec Keene, George Brown, George Crockett, Tom Tyler, M'Nulty, Young Baldock, Holden, sen., Job Cobley, Jem Dillon, Jemmy Keefe, Jack Haley, and many others. Two o'clock having struck, and Master Holden having a good appetite for his dinner, he wanted his weighing over, and jumped on the scale with his fighting boots and a thick pair of drawers on, but in his buff down to the waist. He was at once passed all right, as he did not draw the scale, and was at least a pound under the stipulated 8st. It was decided on all sides that Holden was well, and would take some stalling off. Some little time elapsed before Morris showed without his clothes, when, with a flannel shirt, drawers, and fighting boots, he did not draw the weight, and was of course passed as correct. Offers to lay 6 to 4 on Morris met with no response, and, in fact, there was no betting of consequence up to the time of weighing, with the exception of a bet of £24 to £16 laid on Morris, at Alec Keene's, on Tuesday night. The principal sporting houses were crowded, as is usual the evening before any important event in the pugilistic world; but there appeared more of a wish to find out the secret of the whereabouts, to catch a sight of the men, if possible, and to find out the tone of the market, than to invest. Both being from the neighborhood of Birmingham, and their immediate supporters not being in London, of course made the London investments of a meagre description.

The place given out for the men to meet on Thursday morning was a railway terminus at the east end of the metropolis. So quiet was the "know" about the selected place kept, that many of the real talent were right out in there notions of the whereabouts, and consequently, when the early birds had the correct "grifin," and journeyed with the combatants and their friends, they were forced to take tickets to almost all the available spots on the particular line at all likely for the sport. The natural consequence was, that they kept arriving at the ring-side from time to time, and at all periods of the mill. The real "tip" for the start was, for the men and their backers to be at Fenchurch-street Station at a quarter to eight o'clock, when they would be told where to book for. The early ones mustered in the neighborhood of the rendezvous in great force long before the appointed time, evidently fearful of "the double" being put upon them; but their arrival, and finding that they were for the nonce cut of they quietly subsided into the previous evening's form, themselves with all the creature comforts at command. business parties began to arrive about half-past seven, and cipally consisted of the Birmingham friends of the combe who came in cabs in shoals. The fancy mustered in very force, and amongst them we recognised Tom Paddock, Jem Dan Morris, Young Baldock, Young Dutch Sam, Joe Rose, Rearden, Jack Hicks, G. Crockett, Joe Goss, Danny Sull Shaw, Tom Tyler, Bill Gillam, besides many others. As drew near, the upper-crust of the milling patrons arrive usual, in a hurry and bustle; but, notwithstanding the mob, everything passed over with the greatest quietude. twenty minutes to eight a sensation was noticed at the out of the crowd, and, as a natural consequence, everybody everybody else's way, the more especially when it was that it was the safe arrival of the Walsall lad, with his father, Alec Keene, George Brown, &c. Those who had pleasure of a previous acquaintance with Holden were sur at the apparent bulk of the youthful George, who, wrapped as he was, looked all *eight stone*. The gape-seed having pended, and this sensation subsided, a keen look-out was for Morris, who arrived about five minutes after his oppo with his trainer, Joe Wareham, Tom Tyler, Bob Brettle had come to town by the Scotch mail), and one or two friends. Peter took his ovation as a matter of course, and Brettle soon retired from the busy crowd. The right offer by this time been given, and a rush was made for tickets, were taken for a station well known as a favorable spot for fun. At the last minute, the pugilistic corps received an addi to their numbers by the advent of Tommy Hackett, Jack George King, Charley Lynch, and, last but not least, Mick Grecian. After some little confusion and bustling on the ture platform, in consequence of the really unexpected the final move on the way was made at five minutes past During the transit, fresh company was picked up at the stations at which the train pulled up.

After a quick ride of about a score or more miles, the was given for "those on boxing purposes intent" to alight, trip by water was in contemplation. A walk of about a brought the river into view, when it was discovered that by small boats was imperative; and as even here the descent a surprise, the small number of boats caused the rush first off, most ludicrous, more especially as the boats course, overcrowded for comfort. The boatmen, who expect rich harvest, were not disappointed, and the manner in the live stock was disposed of without an accident, must a mystery to those who are not in the secret of the Tha waterman's ways and means of making a boat only large enough to carry eight or ten, carry at least double the number. natural consequence of extra weight was the usual penalty want of pace, and in more than one instance, as the tide was the heavily-laden craft were fast on the shallows, and the cargo had to bear the chaff and badinage of the more fortu who escaped the shoals. Perseverance, however, conquer and the first landing was safely made by most of the passen being carried on shore pickaback at exactly half past nine. spot pitched upon for the ring was a beautiful piece of which has been the scene of many previous encounters, Fred Oliver, with his assistants, lost no time in getting the arena in working order. While the ring was being pitched little betting took place at 6 to 4 on Peter Morris, the backer Reardon offering to lay £60 to £40 that Brettle's Pet one message having arrived from Oliver that the arena was in order a movement was made to the ring side, and at a quarter to exactly, Peter Morris threw in his cap and entered the ring, with Joe Wareham and Bodger Crutchly for his seconds. George Holden was soon after Peter in performing the same ceremony, having a well-known retired bruiser and his father as his esquires. On tossing for the choice of corners, Peter Morris was the winner. During the time occupied by the completion of the toilet of the lads, Inspecter Duncan, of the pugilistic Benevolent Association, and his staff, Tom Paddock, Tom Tyler, G. Crockett and James Keefe, had formed an inner ring, which was kept for some time in the most first-rate order. Some length of time was lost before the referee could be chosen, several well-known parties being proposed on each side and refused; and it was not until after some great persuasion that a well-known sporting celebrity could be induced to undertake the unthankful office. The colours of the men, a white and black small check for Morris, and the old Birmingham birdseye for Holden, having been tied to the stakes, the finishing touch was put to the lads. At this time, 7 to 4 was laid freely on Peter Morris, and almost as freely accepted—the country admirers of the Walsall lad being the principal takers. The ring presented a picturesque appearance, with the men standing up in their corners, receiving the finishing touch from their seconds. The inner and outer rings at this period intact, and the embankment of the river having several tiers of spectators on that side of the ring. At this time there must have been at least 300 spectators, which number was augmented from time to time, as their methods of transit would admit. Peter Morris walked over to Holden, and offered him £15 to £10, which the latter declined to take. Peter then offered the same bet round the ring, but did not meet with a taker. All the preliminaries being completed thus far, with a beautiful day, but a "hot sun," and every prospect of a satisfactory conclusion, the men were delivered by their seconds to the scratch, at seventeen minutes past ten, for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The lads, as they retired smiling after going through the formula of shaking hands, presented a very pretty picture, the neatness of their attitude, and their well developed frames, showing to very great advantage. Peter Morris, although thin and well within the stipulated weight, did not look in that hardy state and "cut-and-come-again" form he was in when he defeated Hartley, but the rheumatism under which he had been suffering no doubt was the cause of any shortcomings as regards condition. His attitude was very artistic, with his left hand well advanced, and playing with great freedom of motion; the right was held in a position either for defence or attack, and with his body well balanced on a pair of well-made and neat legs, ready for advance or retreat, he looked as good a specimen of an eight stone athlete as any one could wish to see. George Holden was of a different stamp, having the shoulders of a pocket Hercules, with arms, back, and loins to match, and a sturdy pair of pins to carry him about the ring. He looked big and fleshy, but we were informed it is the way in which he trains, and that no more could be taken off him. His looks expressed great confidence in himself, and when he put his arms up, it was done in a way that showed, although this was only his second contest in the P. R., he was by no means lacking in the knowledge how battles had been lost and won. He possesses great freedom of action, and altogether, presented an appearance worthy of his antagonist. Altogether, he is one of the neatest models of the sturdy school that has been out for some time, and was, as was observed, the very biggest ever seen at eight stone. When the seconds had retired to their corners, they soon got within sparring distance, when Holden, who promised by appearances to be impetuous, was called upon by one of his seconds to be steady. Holden feinted at the head, when Morris popped out of danger, smiling. Holden, who had followed Morris, dashed out his left, Morris again out of distance. Holden tried the same game with the like result, but trying again, a splendid left-hand counter took place, Holden getting well on the mouth, and Morris on the chin. The countenance with which Holden planted his left caused significant looks to pass round amongst those who had laid odds, while the takers appeared proportionately in ecstacies. A few passes of very determined sparring ensued, until they again met with left-hand counters, Morris on the left eye, and Holden on the cheek bone. Holden, who could not be restrained any longer, ducked his head, (thereby avoiding a straight shot from Morris' dangerous left) dashed in, and a very merry bout took place at half-armed hitting to the ropes, where the deliveries on the mouth on the part of Morris, and on the cheek and forehead on the part of Holden, were of the busiest description until both were down. As Holden was carried to his corner, "first blood" was seen from his mouth, and claimed for Morris. Time, 4 min.

2. The merry exchanges in the last round, and the pace at which they had fought, caused the color to be in the face of each, with a darker red mark where the knuckles had visited. Morris had a graze on the body from the ropes. No time was lost in sparring before they got within shot, when Morris sent his left out as a feeler, but Holden, who was "leary," was not at home. Holden, determined to be busy, sparred until within distance, when he sent his left viciously at the head, Morris, by quickness, just escaping the visitation. The feints and stops were of the finest description, until Holden went resolutely to close quarters, being met with a left-handed steadier; but "Georgy would not be denied, and, getting close, some very, very warm pepper was administered at half-armed distance. Morris was well home on the nose and eye; Holden on the forehead, cheek, mouth, and nose. The latter, who was the stronger, forced Morris to the ropes, where, after a good rally, both were down, Morris under. Time, 9 min.

3. When time was called, both left their seconds' knees at the same time. Morris was flushed on the forehead and nose, Holden on the left eye and mouth. Holden renewed operations by planting the left heavily on the body, Morris being too high in the return. Holden, having succeeded in his last attempt, was again successful, getting the left home on the nose. Peter again too high. This led to a wild rally, and wilder exchanges, until George tried to close for the fall, but Morris slipped from his grasp, and got down on his knees. An appeal of foul was not allowed.

4. Very little sparring took place before the lads commenced proceedings in earnest, and the endeavors to steal a march were of a first-rate order. Each in turn tried to get his opponent off his guard, and put on the double, &c., to get the lead, but it was of no use, as Jack, or rather Georgy, was as good as his master. Holden followed Morris, and caught a left-handed smack on the cheek for his trouble, which brought on a couple of left-handed counters rather high on the head, when they closed and both were down, Peter undermost. Time, 13 min.

5. Holden, who appeared roused by the previous round, was up first, with his face flushed, but with a smile. He waited a few seconds for Morris to get to the scratch, when he went resolutely to work, and fought Morris down with both hands. Peter tried when half down to recover himself, but George never left off in his deliveries until Morris was fairly down.

6. The seconds of both were very busy in their attentions to their men. When they came up, each showed a few marks of punishment, but not of any serious character. Holden had received the office that Peter was weak, and accordingly was very industriously inclined, and tried to force the fighting. (Joe Goss now took the place of Holden's father as the second of Holden.) After a couple of feints, George landed his left fairly

on the nose, a "hot-'un," drawing blood profusely; Morris, who fought low, on the chest. Holden went resolutely to work, and went to close quarters, when a rally of some duration took place, in which the hitting with both hands was of a most severe character. They fought to the ropes, where Holden got the best of the hold, and threw Morris a heavy cross-buttock, and fell on him. Time, 22 min.

7. When time was called, the seconds of Morris would not allow Joe Goss to second Holden, alleging with great truth that it was against the rules of the Ring to allow such proceedings, unless from illness. On an appeal being made to the referee, he decided that the senior Holden must resume his original position. This altercation had done Peter a good turn, and allowed him time to recover from the cross-buttock. On facing each other, Holden's left eye was seen to be discolored and swollen, and Peter was also still rather shaken from the fall, and sparred very cautiously, while Holden was equally eager. Peter, who was busy in getting about, by degrees recovered from the fall, and suddenly sent his left well home on the ribs. Holden at once commenced his operations by dashing his left out at the head, which brought on some very pretty and effective left-hand counter-hitting, Peter getting well home on the left eye and jaw, and receiving a couple in return. They fought with both hands until Morris fell, partly from the effects of his own blow, partly "possum," Time, 28 min.

8. Holden had both eyes swollen and flushed when he answered to the call of time. Morris with scarcely anything amiss, apparently, his snake head not showing the marks of Holden's frequent visitations in the same ratio as the "Walsall hero." Both were rather cautious, and sparred for wind. Peter was the first to lead off with his left at the head, but the good intention was frustrated by Holden parrying it prettily. Master George, not fancying the game at long shots, went vigorously to work, and fought to a close, when he got on the hug. Morris tried to get on his knees, and nearly succeeded in his attempt, when Holden, by sheer strength, pulled him up, held him for some time, then swung him down, and fell side by side with him.

9. The same tactics were displayed on both sides; Holden, who was the strongest by far, forced the pace, and went to close quarters, getting the hug on again, and holding Morris till he succeeded in reaching mother earth with his knees.

10. Morris was up first, with Holden soon after. Very little sparring took place, and, after a couple of feints for an opening, Holden went in, and exchanges passed merrily until they got to the ropes, where Morris was fought down, receiving heavily on the mouth.

11. Holden was up first, and waited a few seconds for Peter, who came up with his mouth bleeding from Holden's last blow in the previous round. The Walsall lad took the initiative, and forced the fighting, which was of a severe character. The counters were delivered with stinging effect, and passed with great rapidity; but the half-armed hitting was at this time in favor of Holden, whose blows had most powder, and who concluded the round by fighting the Brum down.

12 and 13. These rounds were fought at a tremendous pace, and the punishment administered on both sides was taken with great kindness. Holden had his left eye much discolored and swollen, while Morris was as red in the face as a young lobster, and bleeding from the mouth. In the latter of these rounds, Holden stood for no repairs, but rushed in, and seizing Morris, by sheer force, threw him a back fall, falling with and on him. Time, 31 min.

14. Both took rather long time before they answered to the call of time, Holden, although blowing, was smiling, full of confidence and eager. Morris was rather weak, and looked very serious indeed. After some very pretty sparring, Peter succeeded in getting his left on the left eye, Holden, in the return, visiting the nose, after which he fought his way to closer quarters, and the usual rattling exchanges ensued, until Morris got down at the ropes, with Holden on him in his rush.

15. Holden had his left eye swollen and his lips out of the line of beauty, but there was a consciousness of great power in the manner he walked to the scratch. Morris was blowing, but cool and collected in his demeanor. A degree of caution was displayed in this round, and they rested for some time. Morris walked back to his corner until Holden went to him, and then retreated to the middle of the ring. Both sparred for some time for an opening, Morris now and again taking a walk. When they renewed the fighting, Holden was twice out of distance with his left, Morris also too high a couple of times. Holden at length got to business, and would not be denied, when counters with the left were exchanged like lightning, Morris getting on the eye and nose, Holden with great severity on the mouth and nose, staggering Morris, who finally fell on his stern. Time, 44 min.

16. After some of the usual sparring for an opening, &c., they stood looking at each other, Holden having his handkerchief adjusted, and advice given him. On getting within shot, Peter's left visited George's corpus sharply. Holden rushed in, and avoided a straight left-hander by ducking. Morris stopped him as he went in. Morris then tried the double with the left, but Holden was away, getting his left on the body as he got back. He then dashed in, but Morris shifted his ground cleverly. Holden was very anxious. Morris, cool and cautious, waited for the attack. 2 to 1 was offered on Morris. Holden, who by this time was very impatient, would not delay proceedings, but went, as before, to work with a will, and forced exchanges with the left, Morris getting well on the mouth and on the eye, Holden on the nose and forehead, and not to be stalled off, bored in, and fought Morris to the ropes, where he was down to avoid being thrown. Time, 52 minutes.

17. Holden was bleeding from the lips, and with his left eye nearly closing as he came up. Morris was blowing and flushed with a few bumps over his forehead and on the cheek-bones. Holden, as usual, would be busy, feinted and sparred with great quickness. Morris waited for the usual rush; and, wanting to break ground, feinted with the left quickly. Master George "stood the over," and broke ground. Peter followed up, but was short with a left-handed chop. Holden rushed in, when some very heavy exchanges took place, Peter visiting the mouth and left eye; Holden the nose and mouth with stinging severity, and the round was concluded by Holden fighting Morris down.

18. Morris was bleeding from his mouth as he came from his corner. Holden, the same as previously, forced the fighting, and commenced the attack by planting his left on the nose, Morris immediately on the damaged eye in return. This exchange led to a close and half-armed hitting at the body and head, until they broke away. They were soon at it again, both fighting at the body, when Holden got the double on the body and nose. Morris tried his left at the head, and then on the body, and slipped on his knees as he was endeavoring to get away. An appeal was made to the referee, on the ground that Morris had gone down without a blow. The verdict was, "fight on." Time, 55 min.

19. Peter's right eye was swollen and discolored; Holden with the same bruises as before, but a trifle more bumpy. Holden made the pace very good, and forced counters with the left at the head. He then rushed in wildly, and a scrambling rally was concluded by a break away. On coming together, Morris tried the left double, when Holden jumped in, and tried to hold Peter, who got down, amidst derisive cheers from the Holdenites, and cries of "He knows his place."

20. Morris was bleeding from the nose, and the right eye still lumpy; Holden's mouth anything but shapeable. He, however, got his left on the cheek bone and went into close quarters, when a couple of exchanges passed, and Holden got on the hug, but loosed in a manly way when Morris got on his knees on the ground. Time, one hour.

21 to 24. These rounds were characterized by the very same manœuvres as previously put in force by both. The science displayed by both was only equalled by the resolution equally shown; and although there were appeals in consequence of Morris going down, there was nothing that would justify the referee in cautioning him; he never went down without blows being exchanged, or to avoid being thrown by Holden, who was the better wrestler. Holden, in all these rounds, forced the fighting, and proved much the stronger man. At this time, a cry arose that the police were *en route* for the scene of action, and which proved only too true, as a spring cart was seen in the distance, with three of the local force as freight.

25. The lads being told that the authorities were handy, commenced proceedings like Trojans, and fought with both hands all over the ring. Peter appeared to have recovered his strength, and fought with the greater precision and effect, but Holden, still the stronger, would close, and the round was concluded by both being down.

26. Holden forced the fighting, but was met with great determination by Morris, and they mutually exchanged right and left with great severity, until Morris was fought down.

27. No sooner was the time called than they were at it, Holden visiting the nose with great severity, and a good rally took place until Peter broke away. At this time the police were too near to be pleasant, when the referee ordered the men to desist for the time being, and by the time Superintendent Brandon and his men were at the ring-side there was a cessation of hostilities, after fighting *one hour and fourteen minutes*.

The unwelcome presence of the blues made a remove imperative, and no time was lost in getting under weigh for the place appointed by the referee. Although there were about twenty boats lying off, there was a great rush for conveyances, and some ludicrous scenes occurred in the eagerness displayed by some of the incautious in endeavoring to effect a passage. Some water having been placed between the authorities and the new grounds chosen, the ring was soon pitched, and the combatants being ordered to commence, they proceeded in making their toilets. Several fresh arrivals were noticed around the ring as the crowd settled down in their places, including Jem Gollagher, the celebrated Jack Macdonald (who was in Morris's corner), and several others. When the lads were stripped, a dispute arose respecting the corners, which was settled by the referee ordering them to keep the same as in the first ring. All being settled, they recommenced the mill at eighteen minutes past twelve.

RENEWED FIGHT.

Round 28. The appearance of the men was critically scanned. Holden had his left eye nearly up, and his nose and mouth swollen. Morris only had a discoloration of the right eye, and a few bumps on his forehead and jaw. Holden rushed in as soon as Morris was within distance, and some very good in-fighting took place until they closed, when Morris was down to avoid being thrown.

29. Holden was bleeding from a cut over the left eye as he came up, but, determined not to throw away a chance, dashed in as soon as he saw an opening. Morris was ready for him, and met him with a straight left-hander, which did not, however, stall him off, and the half-armed hitting at close quarters was of the most determined character, and Morris was fought down, catching a "hot-'un" on the ribs as he was going down.

30. Both were blowing from the great pace they had been fighting, but Holden ducked and went in, and forced exchanges until they closed at the ropes, and both were down together.

31 to 33. These rounds were fought in a precisely similar manner, Holden either rushing in or forcing left-handed counters and half-armed hitting. Morris, who was much better than in the previous ring, planted his left with stinging severity on the left eye twice, but Holden would not be denied, and dashed to a close, when Morris got down cleverly. Time in the second ring, 8 min.

34 to 38. Morris was much the stronger of the two on his legs, and finding that Holden was trying to land his right, was naturally cautious, more especially as he had a taste of one or two near shaves of the cross-counter being brought off. At out-fighting, Peter had the most decided advantage, which he held from round to round undiminished, and now he was called upon to fight, he was by no means backward in meeting Holden in his rushes, although he tried his best to avoid being thrown by slipping down. Time, 15 min.

39. Holden's eyes were both giving notice of closing. He obeyed the advice of his seconds, and rattled away, and closing, caught Morris, and gave him the hug, throwing him a regular cross-buttock, and falling upon him.

40 to 50. It would be tedious to our readers to describe these rounds in detail, as each was nearly the fac-simile of all. Morris, who found he held the winning card in his hand, played the old soldier, and began to put on one for nothing and then get away. Holden followed him headlong, and after getting one or two as he went in, the rounds were all concluded by their fighting to the ropes, where they were either down together, or Morris was down to avoid being thrown. There were several appeals made by the seconds that Morris fell foul, but in all the cases up to the present, the mandate was for them to fight on. Time, 32 min.

50 to 60. Holden, who was strong on his legs, but nearly blind, continued his rushing system, to endeavour to snatch the battle out of the fire, and his determined endeavors to prove the winner forced Peter Morris to fight so fast to keep him at bay, that he was getting very slow, tired, and weak; in fact, so nearly was the balance even that the Holdenites asserted their belief in the victory of the Walsall lad. Round after round did Holden persevere, and Morris, finding he could not stall him off with his left, was obliged to use his right, and for some two or three rounds they stood face to face, and fought with the right hand until they got to the ropes, and went down together, or Morris slipped down to avoid being hugged and thrown. Morris, in one of the rounds, went down suspiciously, when he was cautioned by the referee, although his friends averred that he had tripped.

61. Morris was not much punished about the face or head, but was rather bruised about the ribs and shoulders; he was very weak, and no wonder, considering the great pace at which they had been fighting, and the intense heat of the day. Holden was nearly blind of both eyes, and was also getting very groggy. Peter landed the left on the face, which brought on tremendous exchanges on both sides, until they closed, when they both fell together at the ropes, evidently very weak.

62. They came up very gamely, but quite exhausted from their exertions, and their hitting had, as a matter of course, become of a very light description. Peter got his left on three times, but could not succeed in getting on Holden's half-open eye. George rattled in, and they exchanged right and left with hearty good will, until Morris was fought down, falling apparently very weak. Time, 50 min.

63. This was a very short round, neither standing on any ceremony, but went to work to make a finish, and they stood foot to foot until both were down together.

64. In this round Morris obtained a decided advantage, as he led off with his left, and knocked Holden back, but who came again like a lion, and tried to force the pace, but Morris pushed him back to the ropes, where he had much the best of the round by fibbing Holden until both were down together.

65. The gameness displayed by both was much admired, and so fast did they fight that they were forced to have a look at one another, until Holden, trying his last chance, sent out his right, which, from his approaching blindness, missed its mark, and Morris went to work with both hands, and fought the game Holden down at the ropes.

66 and last. Holden was up as resolute as a lion, but going blind as fast as he could; he tried all that nature would allow him to turn the tables on his opponent, who met his rush with hearty good will, and took a decided lead in the in-fighting, by getting on to the right eye several times, and finally closing it. Poor Holden could not see his opponent, who fought him down in the middle of the ring. On being carried to his corner, it was found that Holden was completely blinded, and that his further chance of victory was destroyed, therefore his father threw up the sponge for his defeat, and Morris scored the *eleventh victory*, after fighting exactly 2 *hours* 9 *minutes*. Holden was much cut up at his defeat; and it was not for some time that he would listen to the consolations, &c., of his friends.

REMARKS.

It must have been the wish of all who witnessed this really splended fight that the chronicler of the P. R., had more frequent opportunities for placing similar details of science, skill, and courage before the public. After many of the recent exhibitions perpetrated in the name of "the noble art," it was refreshing to watch the progress of this battle, and it positively helped redeem the tarnished reputation of pugilism. The contest will be long marked with a white stone in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be present. The winner, who is a well-conducted and civil lad, is one of the most talanted bantams that has appeared since the days of the late wonder, Joe Hoiles. He is a remarkably clever left handed boxer, and, besides, is not deficient in the use of his right; but his particular pugilistic genius is a coolness and precision in discovering his adversary's weak points, and immediately taking advantage thereof by keeping continually picking at the same spot. He is a shrewd judge and knows when to force the pace and when to rest and avoid danger by getting down without infringing a rule. Young Holden is a fine and manly boxer, and fully realises the promise we held out to our readers in our remarks upon his fight with Charley Lynch. Although defeated he is by no means disgraced, but has raised himself a whole host of friends, who, we hear, are willing to give him a chance of retrieving his laurels. Morris fell weak soon after the commencement of the battle, but that no doubt arose from the illness he had been suffering from during his training. The shifty tactics he displayed are by no means put into force from cowardice, although at times trespassing very closely upon the limits of the referee's authority, who considered it his duty to give a caution once. Holden was much cut up at his defeat, and it was not for some time that he recovered anything like equanimity of mind. Peter Morris went round to the company on behalf of his gallant opponent, and a handsome subscription was collected as a reward for his bravery and good conduct during the encounter. He is the stamp of a pugilist who deserves every possible encouragement, and we shall be glad to ascertain that his friends and the public get him up a bumping benefit. Jack Macdonald was in Morris's corner, and by his advice and attention did much towards the success of Master Peter, who may thank his fortunate stars that he had such a friend in court.

GREAT & IMPORTANT CRICKET MATCH IN ENGLAND.

BRILLIANT BATTING.

503! RUNS IN ONE INNINGS!

Exciting Times on the "No Ball" Question.

SURREY VS. ENGLAND.

The most extraordinary innings on record has at last been played, and the London Cricket Season of 1862 wound up with a thorough sensation match in all its phases. There are a few big innings recorded in Cricket journals—"to wit," in 1777 the Hambledon Club played England at Seven Oaks, and scored an innings of 403 runs, in which was an innings of 167, made by a then celebrated player named Aylward, who—Lillywhite's big book tells us—went in at five o'clock on Wednesday, and *out* at three o'clock on Friday; he was a topper. Then, in 1820, the M.C.C. played the Billingdon Club at Lords, and the M.C.C. made an innings of 424. Then, in July of the present year, in the Gentlemen of Norfolk and the Gentlemen of Cambridgeshire Match, played at Norwich, the Norfolk Eleven played an innings of 442. This was topped in 1861 at Cambridge, when the Long Vacation Club, in a match against "The Town," *not only made* 450 *runs in one innings, but piled up those runs in four and a half hours, or at the rate of* 100 *runs per hour*. Then, in 1820, the great "Ward" Match of M.C.C. v. Norfolk was played at Lord's, wherein Mr. Ward scored an innings of 278 from his own bat, and the M.C.C. 473 runs in one innings. This was a "screamer," in all conscience, but beaten in 1815, when Middlesex played Epsom at Lord's Ground, and two of the Epsom men scored 116 and 107 respectively, and the Epsom innings closed for 476 runs—the largest recorded, until all the above were "whipped out of time" by the wonderful 1862 innings of 503, made by England at the Oval on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 25 and 26, in the match between

ENGLAND AND SURREY.

On Monday the weather was glorious; some 5,000 people attended the Oval; a magnificently true wicket was got ready by George Street. The toss was won by England, who, at twenty minutes past twelve, (at this period of the year fifty minutes too late) commenced the hitting with Grundy and Willsher, to the bowling of Caffyn and Sewell, the umpires (rather important in this match) being John Lillywhite and Old Sewell. It was a great advantage to England (a strong team) winning the toss, as the wicket played so true that (unless the bowling was quite up to the mark) it was evident to all judges of play that long scores would be made. Well, the Surrey bowling was *not* up to the mark, and long—very long—scores were made. Grundy and Willsher began play with great caution, and scored so slowly that in the first forty minutes only 20 runs were scored, but slow *and sure* was their motto, and well they enforced it. Sewell gave up the ball to Griffith, but the slows of old Ben were hit so *fast* by the batsmen that he cried a go, and Humphrey tried. *He* began with a brace that Grundy nor "any other man" *could* hit, they were so wide; so, at twenty minutes to two, when fifty were scored, *he* gave up to H. H. Stephenson; he in turn turned it over to Griffith last, while at the other wicket Caffyn gave way to Mr. Miller, and he to Mortlock; so if ever a lot of bowlers were "tied up in a knot," it was here. However, the defence of the two men was fine, and their hitting ditto. At twenty minutes to three, Mortlock missed, c and b Grundy. It was a hot one to the left hand, and would have been a topper indeed if held, but it wasn't, and at dinner time, three P. M., there were the two stickers, the score at 118, and no wicket down, Willsher not out, 52; Grundy not out, 62.

After dinner Caffyn changed ends, he and Mr. Miller went on bowling, and in the third over of Mr. Miller, Willsher was superbly caught "mid off" by the colt, Tom Humphrey, and *the first wicket was down for* 124 *runs* (Carpenter and Tom Hearne beat this in the Two Elevens match at Lord's a few years ago, as they were the two first in and scored 145 before they were parted). Daft was out and out well caught at the wicket by Old Tom (two for 124), and Surrey delighted at getting so easily rid of that fine batsman; but Carpenter, after a few overs, got well set, and batted in his finest form; the bowlers were changed, but found no change in the two batsmen, who hit away so that at half-past five the score was at 185, and then Grundy's time was come, as Humphrey (the colt again) bowled him for 95, as fine an exhibition of defence and hit "as a fellow need wish to see, you know;" made up by a magnificent cut for 5 (a real sparkler) from a home pitched ball by Mr. Miller, four 4's (leg hits, and beauties all), five 3's, eleven 2's, and thirty-seven singles. Grundy had been four hours and ten minutes at the wickets, first man in, second out, and the score at 185. Smart work this. Carpenter and Hayward then got together, and there they stopped, mastered the bowling, and hit brilliantly until time was called at half-past six, Carpenter being then not out 61, Hayward not out 28, and *the England score at* 244 *and only three wickets down*. This was not particularly fast run-getting, being under fifty per hour, but then the fielding of Surrey had been brilliant indeed, and quite up to their fine old form, but their bowling was weak.

TUESDAY was another day of glorious weather, the attendance was enormous, and a day's cricket of greater interest or vaster importance to the national game, was never played on English green sward. Play was resumed at twenty minutes to twelve, the two not-out cracks of Cambridge at the wickets, to the bowling of Humphrey and Caffyn. The score rose to 263, when Mr. Miller went on at Humphrey's end, and was up to 280, when Griffith's slows were put on at Caffyn's end; nevertheless, the score rose, a single by Hayward, at ten minutes to one, *making the score* 300, *and only three wickets down*. The play then became slow, the heat was great, and the fielders appeared baked, but at eighteen minutes to two (after more changes in the bowling) Carpenter was very finely c and b by Stephenson, and four of England's wickets were down for 333 runs. Carpenter's 94 was a splendid innings, made up by one five (a fine forward drive from Caffyn), six 4's (3 leg hits and 3 drives), two 3's, six 2's, &c. George Anderson and Hayward made another stand, brought on several changes, Lockyer giving up wicket keeping to Griffith, and going on at the fast bowling business. No use, so he tried his "lobs." "Bah," said a looker-on, "they're no use; wretched stuff; nothing in 'em;" however, in his second over "Mr. Tom" bowled the Cambridge brilliant, and Hayward was out for 117; another huge innings, made up by seven 4's, five 3's, eleven 2's, &c. Just before Hayward left, *the score of England stood at the wonderful and unprecedented phase of four hundred runs made for the loss of only four wickets*. When he left it was 402 for five wickets.

Two fine innings of 23 and 42 were played by the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton and George Anderson, both of whom, from successive overs, were out-and-out well caught at the wicket by Griffiths. Iddison and Jackson rattled up two good innings until Jackson was bowled by Caffyn; the 6th wicket (Mr. Lyttelton's) being gone with the score at 445; the 7th (Anderson's) at 451, and the 8th (Jackson's) at 497. Iddison was then joined by Mr. V. E. Walker, *who, at twenty minutes past five, by a single from Caffyn brought the innings up to* 500—and he may exclaim with truth, "ALONE I DID IT," for no other Cricketer—dead or living—ever accomplished that feat. Iddison went directly after for 33, a finely obtained score—so the 9th was down for 501 runs; Biddulph, the last of this *now* renowned Eleven, then made a brace of singles, when, at half-past five exact, Mr. V. E. Walker was bowled by Caffyn, and this wonderful, unprecedented innings was over; *an innings that lasted nine hours ten minutes, in which* 1,058 *balls were bowled and* 503 *runs scored*. The fielding of the Surrey Eleven (Tom Humphrey and Mr. E. Dowson in particular) was as brilliant as ever, and kept up all through with rare pluck, but their bowling was thoroughly mastered, over and over again, in this memorable innings. A trifle extra rest for the hardworked Surrey men, then at five minutes to six *their* innings commenced, and one of the most important (to Cricket) events occurred that could happen. What we saw we will write.

Mortlock and Tom Humphrey began the Surrey innings, Willsher bowling, and John Lillywhite umpiring at the Pavilion-end wicket, and Mr. V. E. Walker bowling and Old Sewell umpiring at the other. Willsher bowled a maiden over, and Sewell did Mr. V. E. Then Mortlock made a cut for 3 from Willsher's second over, and a single from Mr. Walker's second. Then Humphrey was was well caught by Grundy at short leg, and one was down for 4 runs. Mr. F. Burbidge then joined Mortlock, and Willsher forthwith commenced his third over. "No ball!" shouted out John Lillywhite, and she was well caught for a 4 by Mr. Burbidge. Willsher then bowled the second ball of the over. "No ball!" roared John Lillywhite again, and a murmur of surprise ran round the ground. The third ball was bowled, and "No ball!" again shouted by the umpire, and the lookers-on sprang to their feet and vented their feelings, *pro* and *con*. Willsher, evidently pained, sent the fourth ball in, and again was "No ball!" cried by John L.—and the 6,000 lookers-on in a state of great excitement. The fifth, the sixth, and even a seventh ball was bowled by Willsher, and "No balled!" by Lillywhite, and then Willsher threw the ball down, turned round, and quietly and slowly walked off the ground. Most of the other England players after a brief consultation followed him, leaving the two batsmen, the two umpires, the two England gentlemen, and Biddulph at their posts. The great multitude then rushed on to the ground—sympathy for Willsher and support to John Lillywhite found vent in loud and, in some cases, unmanly words, and such a scene of confusion was witnessed at the Oval as we hope will never be seen again on a cricket ground. Play was stopped for that day. The two gentlemen on the England side said they would be ready to continue the play on the following morning. The players agreed to do as the gentlemen did. Willsher regretted that he left the ground, and John Lillywhite—to his great credit—refused to continue to umpire in the match if his decisions were to be in any shape or way controlled. So it was understood that on the morrow a substitute for Lillywhite should be found, and the match proceed, Willsher's bowling to pass unchallenged. This is a simple and truthful account of what occurred on the evening of Tuesday, August 27th.

WEDNESDAY—After some difficulty, an umpire to act in John Lillywhite's place was found in George Street, a very worthy fellow. Play in the match was resumed at five minutes to twelve. Willsher and Mr. V. E. Walker bowled, and in two hours the Surrey Eleven were all out for 102 runs. Of course they followed on. There was some dashing, brilliant hitting shown by Caffyn, Mr. F. Burbidge, Tom Humphrey, E. H. Stephenson and Griffith; the latter made the only 6 hit in the match, a rasping off drive from Jackson. But as the second innings progressed, it became evident to judges the match could not be played out. Willsher, (who had bowled in the morning, we noticed) was again put on, and groaned at by some beery, contemptible, and cowardly fellows, who knew as much about what they were grunting at as a pig, and we were delighted to see their "half and half" opinions drowned by the applause of the sensible portion of the visitors. At half past six on Wednesday evening the stumps were pulled up, and the game was declared "drawn," Surrey having four wickets to go down in their second innings and 247 *runs behind the first innings of England*. There were no less than 1,698 balls bowled, 759 runs scored, and 26 wickets down in this memorable match, of which the following is the full score:—

ENGLAND—First Innings.

J Grundy b Humphrey	95	Hon C G Lyttelton c Griffith b Miller	26
E Willsher c Humphrey b Miller	54	R Iddison b Miller	33
R Daft c Lockyer b Caffyn	0	J Jackson b Caffyn	21
R Carpenter c and b Stephenson	94	V E Walker, Esq, b Caffyn	1
T Hayward b Lockyer	117	S Biddulph not out	2
G A Anderson c Griffith b Sewell	42	Byes 6, leg byes 8, wides 4	18
		Total	503

SURREY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W Mortlock c Daft b Jackson	18	c Grundy b Jackson	17
T Humphrey c Grundy b Walker	0	b Grundy	23
F Burbidge, Esq, c Jackson b Willsher	20	not out	84
W Caffyn c and b Willsher	23	c Hayward b Walker	15
E Dowson, Esq, b Willsher	1	c and b Walker	10
H H Stephenson c Carpenter b Willsher	4	l b w b Jackson	30
J Cæsar c Carpenter b Willsher	6	b Willsher	9
G Griffith c Iddison b Jackson	11	not out	9
T Lockyer c Lyttelton b Jackson	11		
T Sewell c Daft b Willsher	1		
F P Miller, Esq, not out	0		
Byes 2, leg byes 2, no balls 6	10	Byes 3, leg byes 3, wide 1	7
Total	102	Total	154

Umpires—Sewell, sen., and (on Monday and Tuesday) John Lillywhite; George Street, on Wednesday, stood as umpire in the room of John Lillywhite, who resigned.

Is John Lillywhite's decision correct? is one of the questions broached. Let us see what the law says. Here it is as passed by the Committee of the M. C. C.:—

"X. The ball must be bowled. If thrown or jerked, or if the bowler in the actual delivery of the ball, or in the action immediately preceding the delivery, shall raise his hand or arm above his shoulder, the umpire shall call 'No Ball.'"

That is plain enough, we think, but a few years back the Committee of the M. C. C. issued to their umpires the following instructions. This paragraph is extracted from *Bell's Life*:—

"Law No. 10. We understand that the following instructions with reference to Law X, have been given by the M. C. Club to the umpires of the club, and it is hoped that the same course will be taken by the committees of other clubs, so as to render the decisions as uniform as possible: 'That in Law X, the words "in the action immediately preceding delivery" are not intended to prevent the bowler raising his hand in any manner he may think fit, provided it is not above the level of the shoulder as it passes the body in the last swing of the arm before the ball is delivered.'"

Now, with a thorough and a long practical knowledge of the game and of the laws that guide Cricket, John Lillywhite was engaged to umpire in this match, and on Tuesday evening found himself umpiring behind Willsher, and—*for the first time in his life*—called upon judicially to decide whether, according to Rule 10 (specially passed for the sole guidance of Umpires), Willsher's bowling was or *was not fair*. He decided it was *not* fair, and (after cautioning Willsher) "No balled" him accordingly: and we have not the slightest hesitation in stating that in our humble opinion John Lillywhite was *perfectly right* in his decision—a decision, too that will have the much-desired effect of bringing this vexed question to an issue. It has been suggested that the M.C.C. and the Surrey Committees meet and settle this question. The Surrey people "at present" have no standing as Cricket law makers, though we think the Committee of so influential a Club *ought* to have; the Committee of the M.C.C. at present have the sole power of making, abrogating, or amending laws for Cricket. Who delegated this power to them we do not know, but Cricket is now so universally played over the length and breadth of the land, County Clubs are *now* so numerous and potent in supporting and extending the fine national pastime, that we think the time has arrived when the laws that govern Cricket should be thoroughly revised, and that by a Cricket Parliament, formed by the President and Secretary of each County Club in existence *and* a certain quota of the M.C.C. To such a power alone do we think ought to be delegated the vexed question of Rule 10, a law which *must* be swept off the Cricket Statute Book or rigidly enforced in its literal integrity; for *now* bound up in its effective settlement is the very existence of the noble and national pastime of Cricket.—*Era*.

SUSSEX VS MARYLEBONE.—The county of Sussex, England, once so famous as a cricketing county, appears as though it would once again take position in the front rank, as occasionally it gaines a victory worthy of its old name and fame. We give the following score of one of its matches against Marylebone, played on the 21st and 22d of August as an example:—

MARYLEBONE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C Gordon, Esq, c Stubberfield b Jas Lillywhite	13	b Jas Lillywhite	16
Hearne c and b Stubberfield	20	st Wells b Ellis	134
Grundy b Lillywhite	0	run out	4
R Walker b Stubberfield	0	c Hale b Ellis	37
I Walker b Jas Lillywhite	4	run out	0
R Forster, Esq, c Ellis b Lillywhite	6	not out	3
C Leigh, Esq, run out	14	st Ellis b Chapman	8
R Bayford, Esq, c Turnour b Stubberfield	29	b Stubberfield	0
C Leigh run out	0	c Ellis b Stubberfield	4
Baker b Jas Lillywhite	7	b Jas Lillywhite	5
Wootton not out	0	c and b Jas Lillywhite	7
Leg byes 3, wide 1	4	Leg byes	4
Total	97	Total	216

SUSSEX.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J Hale, Esq, c Grundy b R Walker	34	c C Leigh b Wootton	20
John Lillywhite b Wootton	0		
W Hodson, Esq, c Hearne b R Walker	9	not out	0
Wells c Grundy b Wootton	33	c and b R Walker	4
S Leigh, Esq, run out	3	not out	15
Ellis b Grundy	81	c R Walker b C Leigh	5
A Chapman, Esq, c Hearne b C Leigh	33	b R Walker	26
Stubberfield b Grundy	5		
Fillery st Hearne b R Walker	2		
Viscount Turnour not out	27	b Wootton	0
James Lillywhite c Baker b C Leigh	5		
Byes 3, leg byes 5, wides 2	10	Leg bye	1
Total	242	Total	72

Umpires—Dean and Hammond.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT FOUR-OARED RACE FOR £120.—The four-oared race between the Bristol and Cardiff crews, which has been anticipated with so much interest in the west of England, came off on August 23, on the Torridge, in the presence of thousands of spectators, who lined the banks on both sides of the river. The match was for £50 a side, with £20 added by the town of Bideford, and the course was twice round from the Newfoundland Inn to the Old Pottery, a distance of one mile, making four miles altogether. The Bristol crew consisted of W. Withey (stroke), R. Pavey, Salisbury, G. Withey, and Wallis (cox.) They arrived at Bideford on the Friday week previous, in charge of Tom West, the well-known trainer, of Bristol, and rowed in the Pilgrim, built by Salter, of Wandsworth. The Cardiff crew rowed in the Little Annie, built by Rogers Brothers, of that town. Their names were Hill (stroke), Powell, George, Mitchell, and Thomas (cox.) They trained at Ilfracombe, having for the previous ten days the professional services of J. H. Radford, from Salter's, Wandsworth. Their boat had a great advantage in build over the Bristol boat, being able to turn easier, which was a great deal in their favor. Cardiff won the toss for stations, and chose the inside, and soon after five o'clock the start took place amid deafening cheers. The Cardiff crew got a lead of half a length at starting, but the Bristol boat was ahead of them half way between the marks. Cardiff then put on spurts and got first round, in performing which, she gained 44 sec. on her opponent. On arriving the first time at the flagship, the Bristol boat was ten lengths astern, and though she gained a little in her next journey to the mark-boat, she lost at every turn, and after rowing a plucky race, was beaten by about 250 yards, being 1 min. 25 sec. behind time; Cardiff doing the distance in 27 min., and Bristol in 28 minutes 25 seconds.

WRESTLING FETE.—On Saturday, August 23, the Snipe Inn Grounds at Audenshaw, were well attended by the admirers of the Lancashire style of wrestling, to witness a sweepstakes, for a beautiful "champion's gold cup," the value being sixty guineas. It is to be contested for by men not exceeding 6 score 3lb. The winner to receive the cup and £5, which he is to hold against all comers for the space of eighteen months, and to accept all challenges given in the columns of the *Sporting Life*; the match to take place within six weeks. The sweepstakes on the above day were on the same conditions. The original entry list contained the names of eight well-known adepts, but, owing to several of the men having matches on at different weights, they were unable to come down within the prescribed limits; consequently, only the three following men made their appearance at the scales:—W. Schora, of Asht n; John Matley, of Ashton; and Thomas Schora. These were drawn to compete in pairs, when William Schora and John Matley fell together. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, both men entered the arena, Mr. J. Chadderton, of Hollins, taking the office of referee. After struggling for fifteen minutes, Matley came to "grief." The deciding heat then lay between the brothers Schora, and after about twenty minutes' good play, William Schora brought his brother down, and was proclaimed the champion.

TEN BROECK AT YORK.—The American turf representative in England does not appear to have taken a very active part in the York August Meeting, about the only event in which any of his horses took part, being the following:—

MATCH—500, hf ft.; 8st 7lb each; T. Y. C.

Lord Glasgow's c by Young Melbourne, Physalis, 2 yrs. Aldcroft 1
Mr R TenBroeck's Santhal, by Longbow, The Ranee, 2 yrs. Fordham 2

Betting—5 to 2 on Santhal, who cut out the work to the Stand, where he was challenged by the Physalis colt, and a splendid race between the pair terminated in the defeat of the favorite by a head.

ATHLETIC SPORTS AT HALIFAX, C. W.—On Saturday, Aug. 30, a series of athletic sports took place at the above named capital of all the Blue-noses, and as fine weather prevailed, quite a large number of persons were on hand to witness them. At 3 o'clock P. M. the sports commenced, and the various events were sandwiched with music by the Royal Artillery band. The first event was climbing a forty feet pole, fourteen entries, for a purse of money, which hung temptingly from the top; but, notwithstanding the many attempts that were made, not one succeeded in reaching it. Some got up about 20 feet, while others could not ascend more than half that distance, when they would "retreat in good order."

In the game of "Catch the Ball," Alexander Ferguson, of 2d Battery, obtained the first prize; Trumpeter Anderson, of 7th Battery, the 2d; and the 3d was awarded to Gunner Nash, 2d Battery.

In the Hurdle Race, Gunner Leach, 7th Battery, took the 1st prize; Gunner Evans, of 2d Battery, the 2d; and Bombardier McGill, of 2d Battery, the 3d.

The "Catch the Pig" excited a good deal of merriment. A pig was greased and let loose upon the grounds, when it started off at full speed, and a large crowd ran in pursuit, knocking down many that stood in their course. After a brisk race around the field, the pig was caught and "bagged" by Gunner Duckworth, of the 2d Battery.

In the Long Leap, Gunner Finn, of 2d Battery, proved victorious.

The game of "Cockfighting" was next engaged in, and the scene was a ludicrous one. Each opponent had his hands tied in front of both knees, and a short stick placed under them, and the man who kept up longest was declared winner. Gunner Ferguson, 1st Battery, took the 1st prize, and Gunner Shaly, 2d Battery, the 2d.

In the Scurry Race, the 1st prize was taken by Gunner Evans, 2d Battery; the 2d by Bombardier Carr, 7th Battery, and the 3d by Gunner Newberry, of the 7th Battery.

In the wheelbarrow Race, the 1st prize was obtained by Gunner Shaly, 2d Battery, and the 2d by Gunner Ferguson, of the same Battery.

The first prize in the Consolation Race was won by Gunner Lonahan; the 2d by Bombardier McGill; and the 3d by Corporal Plenderloth, all of the 2d Battery.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.—Soon after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, in Marion county, one of the natives stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments an answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "hoosier" was too smart to be caught in that way, and replied—"Oh, no, Mr. Telegraph, you can't fool me that way. I'm not so green as you think I am. That darned tickin' thing of yourn haint been out of this room; I watched it all the time!"

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,
THE RECOGNIZED
SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
AND ADVOCATE OF
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THIS popular AMERICAN SPORTING JOURNAL, now in the TENTH YEAR of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives FULL AND AUTHENTIC REPORTS of every event of a Sporting nature, such as—

Cricket,	Chess,	Pugilism,	Feats of Strength,
Ball Play,	Draughts,	Rowing,	Rifle Shooting,
Yachting,	Pedestrianism,	Wrestling,	Pistol Shooting,
Boxing,	Horse Racing,	Trotting,	Pigeon Shooting,
Billiards,	Curling,	Game Fowl,	&c., &c., &c.

The CLIPPER also devotes considerable space to
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,
embracing information on General Topics, but Sporting Matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

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PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE,
as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietor.

The success of the CLIPPER, as a SPORTING PAPER, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is hailed as
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ELDEST SPORTING JOURNAL NOW PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

JOHN E. OWENS.

Born in Philadelphia, in 1821. Was manager of the Baltimore Museum for several years—the original Jakey in Chanfrau's Mose piece.

Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, August 20th, 1846, as Jack Humphries, in "Turning the Tables," at the Philadelphia Museum, in Masonic Hall building, for the benefit of D. P. Bowers.

On the 26th of June, 1852, he sailed for England, where, after remaining for some time—making the ascent of Mont Blanc—he returned to the United States, September, 1857, and became manager of the New Bedford, Mass., Theatre, which he opened Monday, October 12th, 1857. After a very prosperous season he seceded from the management, and commenced a starring tour through the States, meeting with great success.

It was once remarked of a favorite actor, that he could more readily set the theatre than the table in a roar; and we believe the same observation holds good respecting the greater number of theatrical gentlemen, many persons mistaking them when uttering the *good things* of an author, for uttering the *good things* of their own, and imagine that they possess as much wit behind as before the curtain: but in this they are greatly deceived: our present subject, however, is an exception, for he is distinguished for his convivial powers, his droll stories, puns, repartees, and general whim, which are sure to keep the company alive and in good humor; and not the least recommendation of his facetiousness is, that he seldom if ever mixes with it, satire or malignity.

To follow him through the various scenes which he has witnessed, and to repeat the many *bon mots* he has uttered, would make two volumes alone. We own ourselves incapable, both from a deficiency of knowledge and want of space, to do justice to either; but as he recounts them in company with uncommon glee himself, they can not be altogether unknown to the public.

His is an exquisitely finished piece of acting, unexaggerated, true to nature, and brimfull of honest genuine humor.

MRS. HOEY.

This lady is a sister to Mrs. Charles Howard; her maiden name is Shaw. In June, 1851, was married to Mr. Russell. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, September 21, 1857, at Walnut Street Theatre, as Miss Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer." When or where this lady first made her *debut* we have been unable to learn.

Her peculiar forte is rendering that line of characters in which the manners of the thorough bred lady are required. This being a leading feature in the chiefly domestic range, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the "Modern Standard Drama," she shows to most advantage in the toned elegance and interests of its characters. Yet, in the arch and wayward Beatrice, or the intense and melodramatic Pauline, has she gained the highest praise.

In comedy she is perfectly at home. He who has seen her in the enchanting character of Rosalind, has beheld an exhibition, which, for delicacy, sensibility, and grace, never, perhaps, had its equal. Her tones are so captivating in all the softer scenes,

They give a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

When she answers the Saucy Forrester, her lively manner never leads you to forget the minute elegance of lovely counterfeit. Her walk is very elegant and lady like, and exceedingly well adapted to the profession she has selected, and which we are happy to be enabled to state she is, as far as pecuniary means are concerned, quite independent of. She is noted for being the best dressed actress on the American Stage.

She is the wife of Mr. John Hoey, superintendent of Adams' Express Company, in New York. At present she is attached to Wallack's Theatre, New York, where she has been for a long time, and is a great favorite with the *elite* of this city, who are the frequenters of that splendid place of amusement.

FANNY BROWN.

In Fanny Brown, we introduce a lady who is universally allowed to be one of the most beautiful that ever graced the American stage; each movement of whose rounded and glorious form shows the perfection of its Grecian contour—her classic head and alabaster neck, gracefully curving sideways—while her eyes, dark as the night, beam with lightning flashes of happiness.

"Oh, beautiful! and rare as beautiful."

The symmetry of her countenance and form, the soft fascination of her smile, and the unaffected sweetness of her manner, excite the admiration even of females. But when those personal charms have the addition of great talents as an actress to recommend them, they become irresistible.

This lady was married September 7, 1856, in New York, to Mr. Fred. Buckley, Violinist, of Buckley's Serenaders. Separated from her husband. In 1859, she was the reigning favorite of the Howard Athenæum, Boston. During the fall season of 1860, she was at John Owens' Varieties, New Orleans, where she was the "observed of all observers." During Mr. John S. Clarke's engagement at the Winter Garden, she made her first appearance in New York, at that theatre, in November, 1861, as Dora Sunnyside, in Bourcicault's play of "The Octoroon."

THOMAS C. GREEN,

Born in Dover, N. H., 1832. Made his first appearance on the stage in 1851, at Collier's Adelphi, San Francisco, as Valare, in the farce of "The Secret." Opened in Boston at the New National Theatre in 1856. Here he remained but a short time, when he became a member of the Howard Athenæum. From here he went to Charleston, S. C,, with John Sloan. First appeared in Philadelphia, at the National, under John Drew's management, May, 1857. During the last season of E. A. Marshall at the Walnut, he became attached to that establishment, where he remains. Mr. Green is a very promising young man, and if he will but devote his time to hard study, he will doubtless become a good actor.

WILLIAM H. WALLIS,

Born in London, Eng., December 29, 1825. Made his *debut*, November 29, 1849, at Washington Theatre, D. C., as Capt. Mowbray, in "Lear of Private Life." First appeared in Philadelphia, July 30, 1850, at Barnum's Museum, as King Charles, in "Don Cæsar de Bazan."

Mr. W. is one of the most reliable and useful members of the profession. In second rate Old Men he is very clever. His countenance is strongly marked with intelligence and expression, his voice good—soft, plaintive, and harmonious. In characters of this description he is highly respectable, and but seldom or ever over-acts the parent or guardian. Is at present connected with the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he has been some time.

MR. DUBOIS.

This gentleman was a member of the Walnut Street Theatre Company, Philadelphia, during the season of 1859-60. In person he appears naturally good, and his features flexible and expressive. His face, however, wants discipline, if we may be allowed the term. A man by study makes a face actually expressive, obedient to all the feelings of the soul, and as he employs his features first in expressing the simple emotions of the mind, he will soon find his muscles relax or brace, according to the feelings that stimulate this motion. With us the judicious application of an Actor's face is almost everything; it constitutes one of the grand qualities of fine acting, and the performer who has not the advantage of expressive features, may be useful in the group, but he never will be eminent.

Mr. Dubois is, however, a very useful member of the profession, and during the past season or two, has improved very much—quick in study, thoroughly comprehending his business, well educated and easy in his portraiture, he cannot fail to become a good actor. At present attached to the Walnut, Philadelphia.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 346.

From the Era.

BY EUGENE B. COOK.

An exquisitely finished composition.

at his 3, K B 7, K 4, K 7, Q Kt 4th, Q R 4th.

at his 4th, at K 3d, at Q Kt 2d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

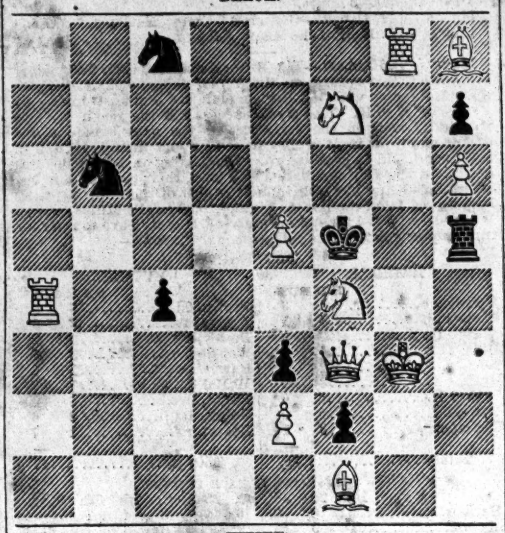
PROBLEM No. 346.

A masterpiece from the CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.

"Qui Perseverat Succedit."

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

GAME No. 346.

Between our contributors Jas. A. Leonard and D. Eugene Delmar, at the Morphy Chess Rooms.

DAMIANO GAMBIT EVADED.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Delmar.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Delmar.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..P to Q R 4	Q B to his 5
2..K Kt–B 3	P–K B 3	17..Q–her B 2	P–K Kt 4
3..K Kt × P	Q–K 2	18..Q B–Kt 3	K B–Q 3
4..K Kt–B 3	Q × K P +	19..K Kt–Q 2	P–K B 4
5..K B–K 2	P–Q 4	20..K Kt × B	Q P × Kt
6..Castles	K B–K 2	21..P–Q R 5 (b)	Q–Kt 4
7..Q Kt–B 3	Q–K 3	22..P–Q R 6	P–Q Kt 3 (c)
8..P–Q 4	Q Kt–B 3	23..Q–K 4	P–Q B 3
9..K B–Kt 5	Q B–Q 2	24..Q–K 6 +	K–Q B 2
10..K R–K sq	Q–her 3	25..Q–B 7 +	Q R–Q 2
11..Q Kt–K 2	Castles	26..Q B × B +	K × Q B
12..Q B–B 4	Q–her Kt 5	27..Q–B 8 +	K–Q B 2
13..K B × Kt	Q B × B	28..Q–her R 8	K–Q 3
14..P–Q B 3	Q–her Kt 3	29..Kt–Kt 3	R–Q B 2, and
15..P–Q Kt 4	Q B–Kt 4 (a)	Attack mates in 3 moves.	

Notes, by J. A. Leonard.

(a) A bad move—since it affords an opportunity for the early advance of the adverse pawns.

(b) Checking at K B 5th, and advancing the pawns to Kt 5th and R 5th, would also have been advantageous.

(c) If 22..Kt P takes P, then 23..R to R 5th, &c.

The third *partie* of the match between Professor Anderssen and Mr. Paulsen.—*Era.*

EVANS GAMBIT.

Prof Anderssen.	Mr. Paulsen.	Prof Anderssen.	Mr. Paulsen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4 (d)	31..Q to her B sq	Q Kt to R 3
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	32..K B–Q 3	Q Kt–Kt 5
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	33..Q R–K 2	Q–her Kt 3
4..P–Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	34..K B–Kt sq	Q R–R 5
5..P–Q B 3	K B–B 4	35..K–Kt 2	P–Q Kt 5
6..Castles	P–Q 3	36..P–K 5	K Kt × P
7..P–Q 4	K P × P	37..Q–B 4 (k)	Q B–K 3
8..B P × P	K B–Kt 3	38..Q–her 3	P–K B 4
9..P–Q 5	Q Kt–R 4	39..K P × P	P–Q B 5
10..Q B–Kt 2	K Kt–K 2	40..Q–her 4	Q × Q
11..K B–Q 3	Castles	41..Q B × Q	Q B–Q 2
12..Q Kt–B 3	K Kt–his 3	42..Kt–Kt 5	Q Kt–B 3
13..Q Kt–R 4 (e)	P–Q B 4	43..Q R–K 5	P–Q B 6
14..Q Kt × B	B P × Kt	44..K B–Q 3	Q R–R 7 +
15..Q–her 2	P–K B 3	45..Q R–K 2	Q R × R +
16..Q R–B sq	Q B–Q 2	46..K R × R	P–Q Kt 7
17..Q B–R sq	P–Q Kt 4	47..K R–K sq	K R–R 8
18..Q–her Kt 2	P–Q Kt 5	48..R–Q Kt sq	K R × R (l)
19..K R–K sq	P–Q Kt 4	49..K B × R	P–Q Kt 6
20..K B–home	Q–K 2	50..K B–Q 3	B–Q Kt 4
21..P–K Kt 3	Q R–his 2	51..K B × B P	P Queens
22..K Kt–Q 2	K R–R sq (f)	52..K B × Q	P–Q B 7
23..Q–Kt sq	Q Kt–his 2	53..B × B P	Kt P × B
24..Q R–B 2	Q Kt–Q sq	54..B–Q Kt 2	Kt–Q Kt 5
25..P–K B 4	Kt–K B 2	55..P–K R 6	K Kt–Q 6
26..Kt–B 3 (g)	P–Kt 6 (h)	56..B–Q R 3	Kt P × P
27..R–K B 2 (i)	Q R × P	57..Kt–K B 3	P Queens
28..Q B–Kt 2	Q–home	58..Q B × Q	K Kt × B
29..P–K R 4	Q–her B 2	59..K Kt–K 5	K Kt–Q 6
30..P–K K 5	K Kt–R 2	60..K–his B 3	Kt–Q B 4, and

Professor Anderssen resigns.

(d) It is but just to mention that Mr. Paulsen in his match games with Herr A. boldly played open games. "Conscious power makes him daring."

(e) We do not approve of this line of attack; the move was, no doubt, made with the object of preventing the Defence from playing Kt to K 4th, but it appears to us that Kt to K 2d, instead, would have accomplished the same object, with the additional advantage of having K Kt in capital play.

(f) We invite the attention of our readers to this move, which is the commencement of a most masterly combination.

(g) A bad move; it loses an important pawn.

(h) Not failing to take full advantage of Herr A.'s weak play.

(i) It is evident that he cannot take pawn with either P or Q without incurring the loss of a piece.

(k) P to K 6th would have led to a fine attacking game.

(l) P to Kt 6th would have been the speedier road to victory.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. PERRIN, Toledo, Ohio.—Good boy! and very fine pun!

C. ALLEN, Roxbury, Conn.—The last one this week. Again—if you please.

A. L. HUGGINS, Baltimore, Md.—Thanks for the last three favors. Keep open the communication.

C. A. DECON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Did you obtain a copy of the A. S. T., of Dr. D.?

MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.—This sketch, which appeared in a recent number of one of our city contemporaries, without credit, was written for the CLIPPER by Martin, one of our Draught contributors, and originally published in the CLIPPER in 1855.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 23—VOL. X.

BY C. ALLEN.

White.		Black.
1..16	to 11	7 to 16
2..30	26	31 22
3..25	18	14 23
4.. 8	11	5 14
5..11	9, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 89th POSITION.

Black.		White.
1.. 6	to 9	13 to 6
2..15	18, and wins.	

DRAUGHTS IN THE ARMY.

The following game was contested at Frederick City, Md., between F. E. DeCon, (an old Correspondent,) of Co. A, 9th Reg't N. Y. S. M., and Mr. Benson, a member of the same. Communicated by Mr. J. A. DeCon, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

GAME No. 23—VOL. X.

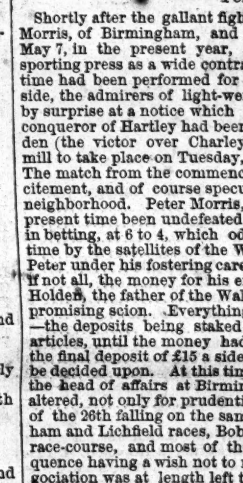
SINGLE CORNER.

Black. F. E. D.	White. Mr. B.	Black. F. E. D.	White. Mr. B.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	17.. 7 to 10	22 to 18
2..15 22	25 18	18.. 2 6	30 25
3.. 8 11	29 25	19..13 17	18 14
4.. 4 8	25 22	20..17 21	14 7
5..10 15	24 19	21..21 30	7 2
6..15 24	27 20	22.. 6 9	2 7
7.. 9 13	28 24	23..30 26	7 16
8.. 6 9	32 28	24.. 9 14	23 18
9.. 7 10	24 19	25..14 23	16 11
10.. 3 7	28 24	26.. 8 15	19 10
11.. 9 14	18 9	27..26 22(a)	10 6
12.. 5 14	22 18	28..23 27	6 1
13.. 1 5	18 9	29..27 32	1 6
14.. 5 14	26 22	30..32 28	24 19
15..14 17	21 14	31..22 18, and wins.	
16..10 26	31 22		

POSITION No. 24—Vol. X.

BY C. ALLEN,

BLACK.

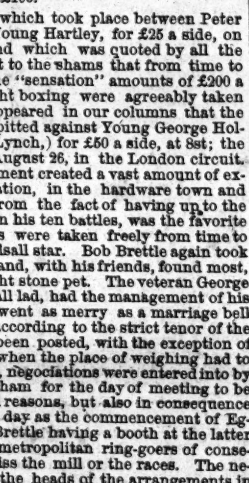


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 90th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, August 30.

FIGHTS TO COME.

SEPT. 15.—John Morgan and Aleck Meek—£25 a side, at 9st 10lb, Midland circuit.
30.—Joe Goss and Posh Price—£25 a side, Midland circuit.
30.—T. Osborn and W. Boston's Novice—£10 a side, at 8st 8lb.
OCT. 7.—Hall and Millard—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb, Midland circuit.
NOV. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The deposit due this week has been staked according to articles, and another of £15 a side has to be deposited on Wednesday, September 10, at Harry Brunton's, the George and Dragon, Beach-street, Barbican.

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN
PETER MORRIS AND GEORGE HOLDEN,
FOR £100.

Shortly after the gallant fight which took place between Peter Morris, of Birmingham, and Young Hartley, for £25 a side, on May 7, in the present year, and which was quoted by all the sporting press as a wide contrast to the shams that from time to time had been performed for the "sensation" amounts of £200 a side, the admirers of light-weight boxing were agreeably taken by surprise at a notice which appeared in our columns that the conqueror of Hartley had been pitted against Young George Holden (the victor over Charley Lynch,) for £50 a side, at 8st; the mill to take place on Tuesday, August 26, in the London circuit. The match from the commencement created a vast amount of excitement, and of course speculation, in the hardware town and neighborhood. Peter Morris, from the fact of having up to the present time been undefeated in his ten battles, was the favorite in betting, at 6 to 4, which odds were taken freely from time to time by the satellites of the Walsall star. Bob Brettle again took Peter under his fostering care, and, with his friends, found most, if not all, the money for his eight stone pet. The veteran George Holden, the father of the Walsall lad, had the management of his promising scion. Everything went as merry as a marriage bell—the deposits being staked according to the strict tenor of the articles, until the money had been posted, with the exception of the final deposit of £15 a side, when the place of weighing had to be decided upon. At this time, negociations were entered into by the head of affairs at Birmingham for the day of meeting to be altered, not only for prudential reasons, but also in consequence of the 26th falling on the same day as the commencement of Egham and Lichfield races, Bob Brettle having a booth at the latter race-course, and most of the metropolitan ring-goers of consequence having a wish not to miss the mill or the races. The negociation was at length left to the heads of the arrangements in London—viz: the celebrated Alec Keene being the representative of Holden, and Mr. W. Richardson of Peter Morris. The inducements held out were apparently found to be of the most valid description, as the treat was postponed until Thursday. The final deposit of £15 a side was made at Mr. Richardson's, Blue Anchor, Church-street, Shoreditch, on Wednesday, August 20, who was also so fortunate as to win the toss for the place of weighing, which, of course, under the postponement, was fixed to take place on Wednesday, at the above place. The arrangements respecting the starting-point were kept with the utmost secresy, and only a very few of the initiated were able to know with any degree of certainty; and even up to mid-day on Wednesday the whole "programme" was subject to a total change if it should be found requisite or advisable. There was not a very vast amount of interest invested in the mill out of the immediate pugilistic circle in London during the early progress of the match, but as the time drew near, the mere supposition of a good contest being at hand, rendered those "wot love a mill" as keen as ever in the much-vaunted and loudly-bepraised "palmy days of the ring."

Peter Morris was born August 7, 1840, is 5ft. 3in. in height, and weighed on this occasion about 7st 12lbs. He has beaten the following men: Kimberley, Young Bodger, Black, Fielding, Baylis, Dymock, Rafferty, Hartley twice, and Fox. He trained with Joe Wareham, at Mr. Stockley's, the Dog, at Whittington, near Lichfield. George Holden was born February 8, 1842. He is 5f. 3in. in height, and on the present occasion scaled at 7st 13½lbs. His only previous fight and victory was over Charley Lynch, the American, on May 7, 1862. He trained at his father's house, the Crown and Malt-shovel, Walsall, under the care of Wm. Collins.

The weighing was appointed by the articles to take place the day before fighting, between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M.; and Peter Morris, having won the toss for place, chose Mr. Richardson's as the spot. Mr. Richardson had made every preparation for the event, having erected a permanent stage at one end of his large saloon, where the scales were placed, free from the crowd, and in full view of all. Quiet as the affair had been kept, vehicle after vehicle drew up in Church-street, filled with visitors to the East-end Saloon, on the present occasion. The room shortly before 2 o'clock began to show a very business-like appearance, but offers to lay slight odds on Peter Morris met with no response, and during the time before the weighing began, the respected father of Holden and the proprietor of the establishment, had a few sharp passes of "badinage" respecting the accuracy of the weighing apparatus, and a sharp quest took place for an old penny to weigh against one of the present coinage. However, when the half-hundreds were placed on the scales, the Walsall sceptic gave way gracefully. At this time, the members of the P. R. had assembled in good numbers, among whom we recognised Alec Keene, George Brown, George Crockett, Tom Tyler, M'Nulty, Young Baldock, Holden, sen., Job Cobley, Jem Dillon, Jemmy Keefe, Jack Haley, and many others. Two o'clock having struck, and Master Holden having a good appetite for his dinner, he wanted his weighing over, and jumped on the scale with his fighting boots and a thick pair of drawers on, but in his buff down to the waist. He was at once passed all right, as he did not draw the scale, and was at least a pound under the stipulated 8st. It was decided on all sides that Holden was well, and would take some stalling off. Some little time elapsed before Morris showed without his clothes, when, with a flannel shirt, drawers, and fighting boots, he did not draw the weight, and was of course passed as correct. Offers to lay 6 to 4 on Morris met with no response, and, in fact, there was no betting of consequence up to the time of weighing, with the exception of a bet of £24 to £16 laid on Morris, at Alec Keene's, on Tuesday night. The principal sporting houses were crowded, as is usual the evening before any important event in the pugilistic world; but there appeared more of a wish to find out the secret of the whereabouts, to catch a sight of the men, if possible, and to find out the tone of the market, than to invest. Both being from the neighborhood of Birmingham, and their immediate supporters not being in London, of course made the London investments of a meagre description.

The place given out for the men to meet on Thursday morning was a railway terminus at the east end of the metropolis. So quiet was the "know" about the selected place kept, that many of the real talent were right out in there notions of the whereabouts, and consequently, when the early birds had the correct "griffin," and journeyed with the combatants and their friends, they were forced to take tickets to almost all the available spots on the particular line at all likely for the sport. The natural consequence was, that they kept arriving at the ring-side from time to time, and at all periods of the mill. The real "tip" for the start was, for the men and their backers to be at Fenchurch-street Station at a quarter to eight o'clock, when they would be told where to book for. The early ones mustered in the neighborhood of the rendezvous in great force long before the apponinted time, evidently fearful of "the double" being put upon them; but their arrival, and finding that they were for the nonce out of they quietly subsided into the previous evening's form, themselves with all the creature comforts at command. The business parties began to arrive about half-past seven, and cipally consisted of the Birmingham friends of the combawho came in cabs in shoals. The fancy mustered in very force, and amongst them we recognised Tom Paddock, Jem Dan Morris, Young Baldock, Young Dutch Sam, Joe Rowe, Reardon, Jack Hicks, G. Crockett, Joe Goss, Denny Sulliva Shaw, Tom Tyler, Bill Gillam, besides many others. As the drew near, the upper-crust of the milling patrons arrived usual, in a hurry and bustle; but, notwithstanding the mob, everything passed over with the greatest quietude. twenty minutes to eight a sensation was noticed at the outs of the crowd, and, as a natural consequence, everybody wa everybody else's way, the more especially when it was k that it was the safe arrival of the Walsall lad, with his tra father, Alec Keene, George Brown, &c. Those who had not pleasure of a previous acquaintance with Holden were surpr at the apparent bulk of the youthful George, who, wrapped as he was, looked all *eight stone*. The gape-seed having been pended, and this sensation subsided, a keen look-out was for Morris, who arrivied about five minutes after his oppone with his trainer, Joe Wareham, Tom Tyler, Bob Brettle (w had come to town by the Scotch mail), and one or two immedi friends. Peter took his ovation as a matter of course, and Brettle soon retired from the busy crowd. The right office by this time been given, and a rush was made for tickets, wh were taken for a station well known as a favorable spot for fun. At the last minute, the pugilistic corps received an addi to their numbers by the advent of Tommy Hackett, Jack Har George King, Charley Lynch, and, last but not least, Mick Grecian. After some little confusion and bustling on the de ture platform, in consequence of the really unexpected tri the final move on the way was made at five minutes past eig During the transit, fresh company was picked up at the seve stations at which the train pulled up.

After a quick ride of about a score or more miles, the cr was given for "those on boxing purposes intent" to alight, a trip by water was in contemplation. A walk of about a m brought the river into view, when it was discovered that a tr by small boats was imperative; and as even here the descent a surprise, the small number of boats caused the rush to b first off, most ludicrous, more especially as the boats were course, overcrowded for comfort. The boatmen, who expected rich harvest, were not disappointed, and the manner in wh the live stock was disposed of without an accident, must rem a mystery to those who are not in the secret of the Tham waterman's ways and means of making a boat only large enou to carry eight or ten, carry at least double the number. T natural consequence of extra weight was the usual penalty want of pace, and in more than one instance, as the tide was o the heavily-laden craft were fast on the shallows, and the unlu cargo had to bear the chaff and badinage of the more fortun who escaped the shoals. Perseverance, however, conquers all and the first landing was safely made by most of the passeng being carried on shore pickaback at exactly half past nine. T spot pitched upon for the ring was a beautiful piece of tur which has been the scene of many previous encounters, an Fred Oliver, with his assistants, lost no time in getting the magi arena in working order. While the ring was being pitched, little betting took place at 6 to 4 on Peter Morris, the backer Reardon offering to lay £60 to £40 that Brettle's Pet one. message having arrived from Oliver that the arena was in orde a movement was made to the ring side, and at a quarter to te exactly, Peter Morris threw in his cap and entered the ring, wi Joe Wareham and Bodger Crutchly for his seconds. George Holden was soon after Peter in performing the same ceremony having a well-known retired bruiser and his father as his esquires On tossing for the choice of corners, Peter Morris was the wi ner. During the time occupied by the completion of the toilet of the lads, Inspecter Duncan, of the pugilistic Benevolent As sociation, and his staff, Tom Paddock, Tom Tyler, G. Crocket and James Keefe, had formed an inner ring, which was kept f some time in the most first-rate order. Some length of time w lost before the referee could be chosen, several well-known pa ties being proposed on each side and refused; and it was not til after some great persuasion that a well-known sporting cel brity could be induced to undertake the unthankful office. The colours of the men, a white and black small check for Mor ris, and the old Birmingham birdseye for Holden, having bee tied to the stakes, the finishing touch was put to the lads. A this time, 7 to 4 was laid freely on Peter Morris, and almost u freely accepted—the country admirers of the Walsall lad being the principal takers. The ring presented a picturesque appea ance, with the men standing up in their corners, receiving th finishing touch from their seconds. The inner and outer rings, at this period intact, and the embankment of the river having several tiers of spectators on that side of the ring. At this time there must have been at least 300 spectators, which number wa augmented from time to time, as their methods of transit would admit. Peter Morris walked over to Holden, and offered to la £15 to £10, which the latter declined to take. Peter then offered the same bet round the ring, but did not meet with a taker. All the preliminaries being completed thus far, with a beautiful day but a "hot sun," and every prospect of a satisfactory conclusion, the men were delivered by their seconds to the scratch, at seven teen minutes past ten, for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The lads, as they retired smiling after going through the formula of shaking hands, presented a very pretty picture, the neatness of their attitude, and their well developed frames, showing to very great advantage. Peter Morris, although thin and well within the stipulated weight, did not look in that hardy state and "cut-and-come-again" form he was in when he defeated Hartley, but the rheumatism under which he had been suffering, no doubt was the cause of any shortcomings as regards condition. His attitude was very artistic, with his left hand well advanced, and playing with great freedom of motion; the right was held in a position either for defence or attack, and with his body well balanced on a pair of well-made and neat legs, ready for advance or retreat, he looked as good a specimen of an eight stone athlete as any one could wish to see. George Holden was of a different stamp, having the shoulders of a pocket Hercules, with arms, back, and loins to match, and a sturdy pair of pins to carry him about the ring. He looked big and fleshy, but we were informed it is the way in which he trains, and that no more could be taken off him. His looks expressed great confidence in himself, and when he put his arms up, it was done in a way that showed, although this was only his second contest in the P. R, he was by no means lacking in the knowledge how battles had been lost and won. He possesses great freedom of action, and altogether, presented an appearance worthy of his antagonist. Altogether, he is one of the neatest models of the sturdy school that has been out for some time, and was, as was observed, the very biggest ever seen at eight stone. When the seconds had retired to their corners, they soon got within sparring distance, when Holden, who promised by appearances to be impetuous, was called upon by one of his seconds to be steady. Holden feinted at the head, when Morris popped out of danger, smiling Holden, who had followed Morris, dashed out his left, Morris again out of distance. Holden tried the same game with the like result, but trying again, a splendid left-hand counter took place, Holden getting well on the mouth, and Morris on the chin. The quickness with which Holden planted his left caused significant looks to pass round amongst those who had laid odds, while the takers appeared proportionately in ecstacies. A few passes of very determined sparring ensued, until they again met with left-hand counters, Morris on the left eye, and Holden on the cheek bone. Holden, who could not be restrained any longer, ducked his head, (thereby avoiding a straight shot from Morris' dangerous left) dashed in, and a very merry bout took place at half-armed hitting to the ropes, where the deliveries on the mouth on the part of Morris, and on the check and forehead on the part of Holden, were of the busiest description until both were down. As Holden was carried to his corner, "first blood" was seen from his mouth, and claimed for Morris. Time, 4 min.

2. The merry exchanges in the last round, and the pace at which they had fought, caused the color to be in the face of each, with a darker red mark where the knuckles had visited. Morris had a graze on the body from the ropes. No time was lost in sparring before they got within shot, when Morris sent his left out as a feeler, but Holden, who was "leary," was not at home. Holden, determined to be busy, sparred until within distance, when he sent his left viciously at the head, Morris, by quickness, just escaping the visitation. The feints and stops were of the finest description, until Holden went resolutely to close quarters, being met with a left-handed steadier; but "Georgy would not be denied, and, getting close, some very, very warm pepper was administered at half-armed distance. Morris was well home on the nose and eye; Holden on the forehead, cheek, mouth, and nose. The latter, who was the stronger, forced Morris to the ropes, where, after a good rally, both were down, Morris under. Time, 9 min.

3. When time was called, both left their seconds' knees at the same time. Morris was flushed on the forehead and nose, Holden on the left eye and mouth. Holden renewed operations by planting the left heavily on the body, Morris being too high in the return. Holden, having succeeded in his last attempt, was again successful, getting the left home on the nose. Peter again too high. This led to a wild rally, and wilder exchanges, until George tried to close for the fall, but Morris slipped from his grasp, and got down on his knees. An appeal of foul was not allowed.

4. Very little sparring took place before the lads commenced proceedings in earnest, and the endeavors to steal a march were of a first-rate order. Each in turn tried to get his opponent off his guard, and put on the double, &c., to get the lead, but it was of no use, as Jack, or rather Georgy, was as good as his master. Holden followed Morris, and caught a left-handed smack on the cheek for his trouble, which brought on a couple of left-handed counters rather high on the head, when they closed and both were down, Peter undermost. Time, 13 min.

5. Holden, who appeared roused by the previous round, was up first, with his face flushed, but with a smile. He waited a few seconds for Morris to get to the scratch, when he went resolutely to work, and fought Morris down with both hands. Peter tried when half down to recover himself, but George never left off in his deliveries until Morris was fairly down.

6. The seconds of both were very busy in their attentions to their men. When they came up, each showed a few marks of punishment, but not of any serious character. Holden had received the office that Peter was weak, and accordingly was very industriously inclined, and tried to force the fighting. (Joe Goss now took the place of Holden's father as the second of Holden.) After a couple of feints, George landed his left fairly

on the nose, a "hot-'un," drawing blood profusely; Morris, who fought low, on the chest. Holden went resolutely to work, and went to close quarters, when a rally of some duration took place, in which the hitting with both hands was of a most severe character. They fought to the ropes, where Holden got the best of the hold, and threw Morris a heavy cross-buttock, and fell on him. Time, 22 min.

7. When time was called, the seconds of Morris would not allow Joe Goss to second Holden, alleging with great truth that it was against the rules of the Ring to allow such proceedings, unless from illness. On an appeal being made to the referee, he decided that the senior Holden must resume his original position. This altercation had done Peter a good turn, and allowed him time to recover from the cross-buttock. On facing each other, Holden's left eye was seen to be discolored and swollen, and Peter was also still rather shaken from the fall, and sparred very cautiously, while Holden was equally eager. Peter, who was busy in getting about, by degrees recovered from the fall, and suddenly sent his left well home on the ribs. Holden at once commenced his operations by dashing his left out at the head, which brought on some very pretty and effective left-hand counter-hitting, Peter getting well home on the left eye and jaw, and receiving a couple in return. They fought with both hands until Morris fell, partly from the effects of his own blow, partly "'possum," Time, 28 min.

8. Holden had both eyes swollen and flushed when he answered to the call of time. Morris with scarcely anything amiss, apparently, his snake head not showing the marks of Holden's frequent visitations in the same ratio as the "Walsall hero." Both were rather cautious, and sparred for wind. Peter was the first to lead off with his left at the head, but the good intention was frustrated by Holden parrying it prettily. Master George, not fancying the game at long shots, went vigorously to work, and fought to a close, when he got on the hug. Morris tried to get on his knees, and nearly succeeded in his attempt, when Holden, by sheer strength, pulled him up, held him for some time, then swung him down, and fell side by side with him.

9. The same tactics were displayed on both sides; Holden, who was the strongest by far, forced the pace, and went to close quarters, getting the hug on again, and holding Morris till he succeeded in reaching mother earth with his knees.

10. Morris was up first, with Holden soon after. Very little sparring took place, and, after a couple of feints for an opening, Holden went in, and exchanges passed merrily until they got to the ropes, where Morris was fought down, receiving heavily on the mouth.

11. Holden was up first, and waited a few seconds for Peter, who came up with his mouth bleeding from Holden's last blow in the previous round. The Walsall lad took the initiative, and forced the fighting, which was of a severe character. The counters were delivered with stinging effect, and passed with great rapidity; but the half-armed hitting was at this time in favor of Holden, whose blows had most powder, and who concluded the round by fighting the Brum down.

12 and 13. These rounds were fought at a tremendous pace, and the punishment administered on both sides was taken with great kindness. Holden had his left eye much discolored and swollen, while Morris was as red in the face as a young lobster, and bleeding from the mouth. In the latter of these rounds, Holden stood for no repairs, but rushed in, and seizing Morris, by sheer force, threw him a back fall, falling with and on him. Time, 31 min.

14. Both took rather long time before they answered to the call of time, Holden, although blowing, was smiling, full of confidence and eager. Morris was rather weak, and looked very serious indeed. After some very pretty sparring, Peter succeeded in getting his left on the left eye, Holden, in the return, visiting the nose, after which he fought his way to closer quarters, and the usual rattling exchanges ensued, until Morris got down at the ropes, with Holden on him in his rush.

15. Holden had his left eye swollen and his lips out of the line of beauty, but there was a consciousness of great power in the manner he walked to the scratch. Morris was blowing, but cool and collected in his demeanor. A degree of caution was displayed in this round, and they rested for some time. Morris walked back to his corner until Holden went to him, and then retreated to the middle of the ring. Both sparred for some time for an opening, Morris now and again taking a walk. When they renewed the fighting, Holden was twice out of distance with his left, Morris also too high a couple of times. Holden at length got to business, and would not be denied, when counters with the left were exchanged like lightning, Morris getting on the eye and nose, Holden with great severity on the mouth and nose, staggering Morris, who finally fell on his stern. Time, 44 min.

16. After some of the usual sparring for an opening, &c., they stood looking at each other, Holden having his handkerchief adjusted, and advice given him. On getting within shot, Peter's left visited George's corpus sharply. Holden rushed in, and avoided a straight left-hander by ducking. Morris stopped him as he went in. Morris then tried the double with the left, but Holden was away, getting his left on the body as he got back. He then dashed in, but Morris shifted his ground cleverly. Holden was very anxious. Morris, cool and cautious, waited for the attack. 2 to 1 was offered on Morris. Holden, who by this time was very impatient, would not delay proceedings, but went, as before, to work with a will, and forced exchanges with the left, Morris getting well on the mouth and on the eye, Holden on the nose and forehead, and not to be stalled off, bored in, and fought Morris to the ropes, where he was down to avoid being thrown. Time, 52 minutes.

17. Holden was bleeding from the lips, and with his left eye nearly closing as he came up. Morris was blowing and flushed with a few bumps over his forehead and on the cheek-bones. Holden, as usual, would be busy, feinted and sparred with great quickness. Morris waited for the usual rush; and, wanting to break ground, feinted with the left quickly. Master George "stood the over," and broke ground. Peter followed up, but was short with a left-handed chop. Holden rushed in, when some very heavy exchanges took place, Peter visiting the mouth and left eye; Holden the nose and mouth with stinging severity, and the round was concluded by Holden fighting Morris down.

18. Morris was bleeding from his mouth as he came from his corner. Holden, the same as previously, forced the fighting, and commenced the attack by planting his left on the nose, Morris immediately on the damaged eye in return. This exchange led to a close and half-armed hitting at the body and head, until they broke away. They were soon at it again, both fighting at the body, when Holden got the double on the body and nose. Morris tried his left at the head, and then on the body, and slipped on his knees as he was endeavoring to get away. An appeal was made to the referee, on the ground that Morris had gone down without a blow. The verdict was, "fight on." Time, 55 min.

19. Peter's right eye was swollen and discolored; Holden with the same bruises as before, but a trifle more bumpy. Holden made the pace very good, and forced counters with the left at the head. He then rushed in wildly, and a scrambling rally was concluded by a break away. On coming together, Morris tried the left double, when Holden jumped in, and tried to hold Peter, who got down, amidst derisive cheers from the Holdenites, and cries of "He knows his place."

20. Morris was bleeding from the nose, and the right eye still lumpy; Holden's mouth anything but shapeable. He, however, got his left on the cheek bone and went into close quarters, when a couple of exchanges passed, and Holden got on the hug, but loosed in a manly way when Morris got on his knees on the ground. Time, one hour.

21 to 24. These rounds were characterized by the very same manœuvres as previously put in force by both. The science displayed by both was only equalled by the resolution equally shown; and although there were appeals in consequence of Morris going down, there was nothing that would justify the referee in cautioning him; he never went down without blows being exchanged, or to avoid being thrown by Holden, who was the better wrestler. Holden, in all these rounds, forced the fighting, and proved much the stronger man. At this time, a cry arose that the police were *en route* for the scene of action, and which proved only too true, as a spring cart was seen in the distance, with three of the local force as freight.

25. The lads being told that the authorities were handy, commenced proceedings like Trojans, and fought with both hands all over the ring. Peter appeared to have recovered his strength, and fought with the greater precision and effect, but Holden, still the stronger, would close, and the round was concluded by both being down.

26. Holden forced the fighting, but was met with great determination by Morris, and they mutually exchanged right and left with great severity, until Morris was fought down.

27. No sooner was the time called than they were at it, Holden visiting the nose with great severity, and a good rally took place until Peter broke away. At this time the police were too near to be pleasant, when the referee ordered the men to desist for the time being, and by the time Superintendent Brandon and his men were at the ring-side there was a cessation of hostilities, after fighting *one hour and fourteen minutes*.

The unwelcome presence of the blues made a remove imperative, and no time was lost in getting under weigh for the place appointed by the referee. Although there were about twenty boats lying off, there was a great rush for conveyances, and some ludicrous scenes occurred in the eagerness displayed by some of the incautious in endeavoring to effect a passage. Some water having been placed between the authorities and the new grounds chosen, the ring was soon pitched, and the combatants being ordered to commence, they proceeded in making their toilets. Several fresh arrivals were noticed around the ring as the crowd settled down in their places, including Jem Gollagher, the celebrated Jack Macdonald (who was in Morris's corner), and several others. When the lads were stripped, a dispute arose respecting the corners, which was settled by the referee ordering them to keep the same as in the first ring. All being settled, they recommenced the mill at eighteen minutes past twelve.

RENEWED FIGHT.

Round 28. The appearance of the men was critically scanned. Holden had his left eye nearly up, and his nose and mouth swollen. Morris only had a discoloration of the right eye, and a few bumps on his forehead and jaw. Holden rushed in as soon as Morris was within distance, and some very good in-fighting took place until they closed, when Morris was down to avoid being thrown.

29. Holden was bleeding from a cut over the left eye as he came up, but, determined not to throw away a chance, dashed in as soon as he saw an opening. Morris was ready for him, and met him with a straight left-hander, which did not, however, stall him off, and the half-armed hitting at close quarters was of the most determined character, and Morris was fought down, catching a "hot-'un" on the ribs as he was going down.

30. Both were blowing from the great pace they had been fighting, but Holden ducked and went in, and forced exchanges until they closed at the ropes, and both were down together.

31 to 33. These rounds were fought in a precisely similar manner, Holden either rushing in or forcing left-handed counters and half-armed hitting. Morris, who was much better than in the previous ring, planted his left with stinging severity on the left eye twice, but Holden would not be denied, and dashed to a close, when Morris got down cleverly. Time in the second ring, 8 min.

34 to 38. Morris was much the stronger of the two on his legs, and finding that Holden was trying to land his right, was naturally cautious, more especially as he had a taste of one or two near shaves of the cross-counter being brought off. At out-fighting, Peter had the most decided advantage, which he held from round to round undiminished, and now he was called upon to fight, he was by no means backward in meeting Holden in his rushes, although he tried his best to avoid being thrown by slipping down. Time, 15 min.

39. Holden's eyes were both giving notice of closing. He obeyed the advice of his seconds, and rattled away, and closing, caught Morris, and gave him the hug, throwing him a regular cross-buttock, and falling upon him.

40 to 50. It would be tedious to our readers to describe these rounds in detail, as each was nearly the fac-simile of all. Morris, who found he held the winning card in his hand, played the old soldier, and began to put on one for nothing and then get away. Holden followed him headlong, and after getting one or two as he went in, the rounds were all concluded by their fighting to the ropes, where they were either down together, or Morris was down to avoid being thrown. There were several appeals made by the seconds that Morris fell foul, but in all the cases up to the present, the mandate was for them to fight on. Time, 32 min.

50 to 60. Holden, who was strong on his legs, but nearly blind, continued his rushing system, to endeavour to snatch the battle out of the fire, and his determined endeavors to prove the winner forced Peter Morris to fight so fast to keep him at bay, that he was getting very slow, tired, and weak; in fact, so nearly was the balance even that the Holdenites asserted their belief in the victory of the Walsall lad. Round after round did Holden persevere, and Morris, finding he could not stall him off with his left, was obliged to use his right, and for some two or three rounds they stood face to face, and fought with the right hand until they got to the ropes, and went down together, or Morris slipped down to avoid being hugged and thrown. Morris, in one of the rounds, went down suspiciously, when he was cautioned by the referee, although his friends averred that he had tripped.

61. Morris was not much punished about the face or head, but was rather bruised about the ribs and shoulders; he was very weak, and no wonder, considering the great pace at which they had been fighting, and the intense heat of the day. Holden was nearly blind of both eyes, and was also getting very groggy. Peter landed the left on the face, which brought on tremendous exchanges on both sides, until they closed, when they both fell together at the ropes, evidently very weak.

62. They came up very gamely, but quite exhausted from their exertions, and their hitting had, as a matter of course, become of a very light description. Peter got his left on three times, but could not succeed in getting on Holden's half-open eye. George rattled in, and they exchanged right and left with hearty good will, until Morris was fought down, falling apparently very weak. Time, 50 min.

63. This was a very short round, neither standing on any ceremony, but went to work to make a finish, and they stood foot to foot until both were down together.

64. In this round Morris obtained a decided advantage, as he led off with his left, and knocked Holden back, but who came again like a lion, and tried to force the pace, but Morris pushed him back to the ropes, where he had much the best of the round by fibbing Holden until both were down together.

65. The gameness displayed by both was much admired, and so fast did they fight that they were forced to have a look at one another, until Holden, trying his last chance, sent out his right, which, from his approaching blindness, missed its mark, and Morris went to work with both hands, and fought the game Holden down at the ropes.

66 and last. Holden was up as resolute as a lion, but going blind as fast as he could; he tried all that nature would allow him to turn the tables on his opponent, who met his rush with hearty good will, and took a decided lead in the in-fighting, by getting on to the right eye several times, and finally closing it. Poor Holden could not see his opponent, who fought him down in the middle of the ring. On being carried to his corner, it was found that Holden was completely blinded, and that his further chance of victory was destroyed, therefore his father threw up the sponge for his defeat, and Morris scored the *eleventh victory*, after fighting exactly 2 *hours* 9 *minutes*. Holden was much cut up at his defeat; and it was not for some time that he would listen to the consolations, &c., of his friends.

REMARKS.

It must have been the wish of all who witnessed this really splended fight that the chronicler of the P. R., had more frequent opportunities for placing similar details of science, skill, and courage before the public. After many of the recent exhibitions perpetrated in the name of "the noble art," it was refreshing to watch the progress of this battle, and it positively helped redeem the tarnished reputation of pugilism. The contest will be long marked with a white stone in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be present. The winner, who is a well-conducted and civil lad, is one of the most talanted bantams that has appeared since the days of the late wonder, Joe Hoiles. He is a remarkably clever left handed boxer, and, besides, is not deficient in the use of his right; but his particular pugilistic genius is a coolness and precision in discovering his adversary's weak points, and immediately taking advantage thereof by keeping continually picking at the same spot. He is a shrewd judge and knows when to force the pace and when to rest and avoid danger by getting down without infringing a rule. Young Holden is a fine and manly boxer, and fully realises the promise we held out to our readers in our remarks upon his fight with Charley Lynch. Although defeated he is by no means disgraced, but has raised himself a whole host of friends, who, we hear, are willing to give him a chance of retrieving his laurels. Morris fell weak soon after the commencement of the battle, but that no doubt arose from the illness he had been suffering from during his training. The shifty tactics he displayed are by no means put into force from cowardice, although at times trespassing very closely upon the limits of the referee's authority, who considered it his duty to give a caution once. Holden was much cut up at his defeat, and it was not for some time that he recovered anything like equanimity of mind. Peter Morris went round to the company on behalf of his gallant opponent, and a handsome subscription was collected as a reward for his bravery and good conduct during the encounter. He is the stamp of a pugilist who deserves every possible encouragement, and we shall be glad to ascertain that his friends and the public get him up a bumping benefit. Jack Macdonald was in Morris's corner, and by his advice and attention did much towards the success of Master Peter, who may thank his fortunate stars that he had such a friend in court.

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Exciting Times on the "No Ball" Question.

SURREY VS. ENGLAND.

The most extraordinary innings on record has at last been played, and the London Cricket Season of 1862 wound up with a thorough sensation match in all its phases. There are a few big innings recorded in Cricket journals—"to wit," in 1777 the Hambledon Club played England at Seven Oaks, and scored an innings of 403 runs, in which was an innings of 167, made by a then celebrated player named Aylward, who—Lillywhite's big book tells us—went *in* at five o'clock on Wednesday, and *out* at three o'clock on Friday; he was a topper. Then, in 1820, the M.C.C. played the Billingdon Club at Lords, and the M.C.C. made an innings of 424. Then, in July of the present year, in the Gentlemen of Norfolk and the Gentlemen of Cambridgeshire Match, played at Norwich, the Norfolk Eleven played an innings of 442. This was topped in 1861 at Cambridge, when the Long Vacation Club, in a match against "The Town," *not only made 450 runs in one innings, but piled up those runs in four and a half hours, or at the rate of 100 runs per hour.* Then, in 1820, the great "Ward" Match of M.C.C. v. Norfolk was played at Lord's, wherein Mr. Ward scored an innings of 278 from his own bat, and the M.C.C. 473 runs in one innings. This was a "screamer," in all conscience, but beaten in 1815, when Middlesex played Epsom at Lord's Ground, and two of the Epsom men scored 116 and 107 respectively, and the Epsom innings closed for 476 runs—the largest recorded, until all the above were "whipped out of time" by the wonderful 1862 innings of 503, made by England at the Oval on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 25 and 26, in the match between

ENGLAND AND SURREY.

On Monday the weather was glorious; some 5,000 people attended the Oval; a magnificently true wicket was got ready by George Street. The toss was won by England, who, at twenty minutes past twelve, (at this period of the year fifty minutes too late) commenced the hitting with Grundy and Willsher, to the bowling of Caffyn and Sewell, the umpires (rather important in this match) being John Lillywhite and Old Sewell. It was a great advantage to England (a strong team) winning the toss, as the wicket played so true that (unless the bowling was quite up to the mark) it was evident to all judges of play that long scores would be made. Well, the Surrey bowling was *not* up to the mark, and long—very long—scores were made. Grundy and Willsher began play with great caution, and scored so slowly that in the first forty minutes only 20 runs were scored, but slow *and sure* was their motto, and well they enforced it. Sewell gave up the ball to Griffith, but the slows of old Ben were hit so *fast* by the batsmen that he cried a go, and Humphrey tried. *He* began with a brace that Grundy nor "any other man" *could* hit, they were so wide; so, at twenty minutes to two, when fifty were scored, *he* gave up to H. H. Stephenson; he in turn turned it over to Griffith last, while at the other wicket Caffyn gave way to Mr. Miller, and he to Mortlock; so if ever a lot of bowlers were "tied up in a knot," it was here. However, the defence of the two men was fine, and their hitting ditto. At twenty minutes to three, Mortlock missed, c and b Grundy. It was a hot one to the left hand, and would have been a topper indeed if held, but it wasn't, and at dinner time, three P. M., there were the two stickers, the score at 118, and no wicket down, Willsher not out, 52; Grundy not out, 52.

After dinner Caffyn changed ends; he and Mr. Miller went on bowling, and in the third over of Mr. Miller, Willsher was superbly caught "mid off" by the colt, Tom Humphrey, and *the first wicket was down for* 124 *runs* (Carpenter and Tom Hearne beat this in the Two Elevens match at Lord's a few years ago, as they were the two first in and scored 145 before they were parted). Daft was out and out well caught at the wicket by Old Tom (two for 124), and Surrey delighted at getting so easily rid of that fine batsman; but Carpenter, after a few overs, got well set, and batted in his finest form; the bowlers were changed, but found no change in the two batsmen, who hit away so that at half-past five the score was at 185, and then Grundy's time was come, as Humphrey (the colt again) bowled him for 95, as fine an exhibition of defence and hit "as a fellow need wish to see, you know;" made up by a magnificent cut for 5 (a real sparkler) from a home pitched ball by Mr. Miller, four 4's (leg hits, and beauties all), five 3's, eleven 2's, and thirty-seven singles. Grundy had been four hours and ten minutes at the wickets, first man in, second out, and the score at 185. Smart work this. Carpenter and Hayward then got together, and there they stopped, mastered the bowling, and hit brilliantly until time was called at half-past six, Carpenter being then not out 61, Hayward not out 28, and *the England score at* 244 *and only three wickets down.* This was not particularly fast run-getting, being under fifty per hour, but then the fielding of Surrey had been brilliant indeed, and quite up to their fine old form, but their bowling was weak.

TUESDAY was another day of glorious weather, the attendance was enormous, and a day's cricket of greater interest or vaster importance to the national game, was never played on English green sward. Play was resumed at twenty minutes to twelve, the two not-out cracks of Cambridge at the wickets, to the bowling of Humphrey and Caffyn. The score rose to 263, when Mr. Miller went on at Humphrey's end, and was up to 280, when Griffith's slows were put on at Caffyn's end; nevertheless, the score rose, a single by Hayward, at ten minutes to one, *making the score* 300, *and only three wickets down.* The play then became slow, the heat was great, and the fielders appeared baked, but at eighteen minutes to two (after more changes in the bowling) Carpenter was very finely c and b by Stephenson, and four of England's wickets were down for 338 runs. Carpenter's 94 was a splendid innings, made up by one five (a fine forward drive from Caffyn), six 4's (3 leg hits and 3 drives), two 3's, six 2's, &c. George Anderson and Hayward made another stand, brought on several changes, Lockyer giving up wicket keeping to Griffith, and going on at the fast bowling business. No use, so he tried his "lobs." "Bah," said a looker-on, "they're no use; wretched stuff; nothing in 'em;" however, in his second over "Mr. Tom" bowled the Cambridge brilliant, and Hayward was out for 117; another huge innings, made up by seven 4's, five 3's, eleven 2's, &c. Just before Hayward left, *the score of England stood at the wonderful and unprecedented phase of four hundred runs made for the loss of only four wickets.* When he left it was 402 for five wickets.

Two fine innings of 23 and 42 were played by the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton and George Anderson, both of whom, from successive overs, were out-and-out well caught at the wicket by Griffiths. Iddison and Jackson rattled up two good innings until Jackson was bowled by Caffyn; the 6th wicket (Mr. Lyttelton's) being gone with the score at 445; the 7th (Anderson's) at 451, and the 8th (Jackson's) at 497. Iddison was then joined by Mr. V. E. Walker, *who, at twenty minutes past five, by a single from Caffyn brought the innings up to* 500—and he may exclaim with truth, "ALONE I DID IT," for no other Cricketer—dead or living—ever accomplished that feat. Iddison went directly after for 33, a finely obtained score—so the 9th was down for 501 runs; Biddulph, the last of this *now* renowned Eleven, then made a brace of singles, when, at half-past five exact, Mr. V. E. Walker was bowled by Caffyn, and this wonderful, unprecedented innings was over; *an innings that lasted nine hours ten minutes, in which* 1,058 *balls were bowled and* 503 *runs scored.* The fielding of the Surrey Eleven (Tom Humphrey and Mr. E. Dowson in particular) was as brilliant as ever, and kept up all through with rare pluck, but their bowling was thoroughly mastered, over and over again, in this memorable innings. A trifle extra rest for the hardworked Surrey men, then at five minutes to six *their* innings commenced, and one of the most important (to Cricket) events occurred that could happen. What we saw we will write.

Mortlock and Tom Humphrey began the Surrey innings, Willsher bowling, and John Lyllywhite umpiring at the Pavilion-end wicket, and Mr. V. E. Walker bowling and Old Sewell umpiring at the other. Willsher bowled a maiden over, and so did Mr. V. E. Then Mortlock made a cut for 3 from Willsher's second over, and a single from Mr. Walker's second. Then Humphrey was was well caught by Grundy at short leg, and one was down for 4 runs. Mr. F. Burbidge then joined Mortlock, and Willsher forthwith commenced his third over. "No ball!" shouted out John Lillywhite, and she was well caught for a 4 by Mr. Burbidge. Willsher then bowled the second ball of the over. "No ball!" roared John Lillywhite again, and a murmur of surprise ran round the ground. The third ball was bowled, and "No ball!" again shouted by the umpire, and the lookers-on sprang to their feet and vented their feelings, *pro* and *con*. Willsher, evidently pained, sent the fourth ball in, and again was "No ball!" cried by John L.—and the 6,000 lookers-on in a state of great excitement. The fifth, the sixth, and even a seventh ball was bowled by Willsher, and "No balled!" by Lillywhite, and then Willsher threw the ball down, turned round, and quietly and slowly walked off the ground. Most of the other England players after a brief consultation followed him, leaving the two batsmen, the two umpires, the two England gentlemen, and Biddulph at their posts. The great multitude then rushed on to the ground—sympathy for Willsher and support to John Lillywhite found vent in loud and, in some cases, unmanly words, and such a scene of confusion was witnessed at the Oval as we hope will never be seen again on a cricket ground. Play was stopped for that day. The two gentlemen on the England side said they would be ready to continue the play on the following morning. The players agreed to do as the gentlemen did. Willsher regretted that he left the ground, and John Lillywhite—to his great credit—refused to continue to umpire in the match if his decisions were to be in any shape or way controlled. So it was understood that on the morrow a substitute for Lillywhite should be found, and the match proceed, Willsher's bowling to pass unchallenged. This is a simple and truthful account of what occurred on the evening of Tuesday, August 27th.

WEDNESDAY—After some difficulty, an umpire to act in John Lillywhite's place was found in George Street, a very worthy fellow. Play in the match was resumed at five minutes to twelve. Willsher and Mr. V. E. Walker bowled, and in two hours the Surrey Eleven were all out for 102 runs. Of course they followed on. There was some dashing, brilliant hitting shown by Caffyn, Mr. F. Burbidge, Tom Humphrey, E. H. Stephenson and Griffith; the latter made the only 6 hit in the match, a rasping off drive from Jackson. But as the second innings progressed, it became evident to judges the match could not be played out. Willsher, (who had bowled in the morning, we noticed) was again put on, and groaned at by some beery, contemptible, and cowardly fellows, who knew as much about what they were grunting at as a pig, and we were delighted to see their "half and half" opinions drowned by the applause of the sensible portion of the visitors. At half past six on Wednesday evening the stumps were pulled up, and the game was declared "drawn," Surrey having four wickets to go down in their second innings and 247 *runs behind the first innings of England.* There were no less than 1,698 balls bowled, 759 runs scored, and 26 wickets down in this memorable match, of which the following is the full score:—

ENGLAND—First Innings.

J Grundy b Humphrey	95	Hon C G Lyttelton c Griffith b Miller	26
E Willsher c Humphrey b Miller	54	R Iddison b Miller	33
R Daft c Lockyer b Caffyn	0	J Jackson b Caffyn	21
R Carpenter c and b Stephenson	94	V E Walker, Esq, b Caffyn	1
T Hayward b Lockyer	117	S Biddulph not out	2
G A Anderson c Griffith b Sewell	42	Byes 6, leg byes 8, wides 4	18
		Total	503

SURREY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W Mortlock c Daft b Jackson	18	c Grundy b Jackson	17
T Humphrey c Grundy b Walker	0	b Grundy	23
F Burbidge, Esq, c Jackson b Willsher	20	not out	84
W Caffyn c and b Willsher	23	c Hayward b Walker	15
E Dowson, Esq, b Willsher	1	c and b Walker	10
H H Stephenson c Carpenter b Willsher	4	l b w b Jackson	30
J Cæsar c Carpenter b Willsher	6	b Willsher	9
G Griffith c Iddison b Jackson	11	not out	9
T Lockyer c Lyttelton b Jackson	11		
T Sewell c Daft b Willsher	1		
F P Miller, Esq, not out	0		
Byes 2, leg byes 2, no balls 6	10	Byes 3, leg byes 3, wide 1	7
Total	102	Total	154

Umpires—Sewell, sen., and (on Monday and Tuesday) John Lillywhite; George Street, on Wednesday, stood as umpire in the room of John Lillywhite, who resigned.

Is John Lillywhite's decision correct? is one of the questions broached. Let us see what the law says. Here it is as passed by the Committee of the M. C. C.:—

"X. The ball must be bowled. If thrown or jerked, or if the bowler in the actual delivery of the ball, or in the action immediately preceding the delivery, shall raise his hand or arm above his shoulder, the umpire shall call 'No Ball.'"

That is plain enough, we think, but a few years back the Committee of the M. C. C. issued to their umpires the following instructions. This paragraph is extracted from *Bell's Life*:—

"Law No. 10. We understand that the following instructions with reference to Law X, have been given by the M. C. Club to the umpires of the club, and it is hoped that the same course will be taken by the committees of other clubs, so as to render the decisions as uniform as possible: 'That in Law X, the words "in the action immediately preceding delivery" are not intended to prevent the bowler raising his hand in any manner he may think fit, provided it is not above the level of the shoulder as it passes the body in the last swing of the arm before the ball is delivered."

Now, with a thorough and a long practical knowledge of the game and of the laws that guide Cricket, John Lillywhite was engaged to umpire in this match, and on Tuesday evening found himself umpiring behind Willsher, and—*for the first time in his life*—called upon judicially to decide whether, according to Rule 10 (specially passed for the sole guidance of Umpires), Willsher's bowling was or *was not fair*. He decided it was *not* fair, and (after cautioning Willsher) "No balled" him accordingly: and we have not the slightest hesitation in stating that in our humble opinion John Lillywhite was *perfectly right* in his decision—a decision, too, that will have the much-desired effect of bringing this vexed question to an issue. It has been suggested that the M.C.C. and the Surrey Committees meet and settle this question. The Surrey people "at present" have no standing as Cricket law makers, though we think the Committee of so influential a Club *ought* to have; the Committee of the M.C.C. at present have the sole power of making, abrogating, or amending laws for Cricket. Who delegated this power to them we do not know, but Cricket is now so universally played over the length and breadth of the land, County Clubs are *now* so numerous and potent in supporting and extending the fine national pastime, that we think the time has arrived when the laws that govern Cricket should be thoroughly revised, and that by a Cricket Parliament, formed by the President and Secretary of each County Club in existence *and* a certain quota of the M.C.C. To such a power alone do we think ought to be delegated the vexed question of Rule 10, a law which *must* be swept off the Cricket Statute Book or rigidly enforced in its literal integrity; for *now* bound up in its effective settlement is the very existence of the noble and national pastime of Cricket.—*Era.*

SUSSEX VS MARYLEBONE.—The county of Sussex, England, once so famous as a cricketing county, appears as though it would once again take position in the front rank, as occasionally it gaines a victory worthy of its old name and fame. We give the following score of one of its matches against Marylebone, played on the 21st and 22d of August as an example:—

MARYLEBONE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C Gordon, Esq, c Stubberfield b Jas Lillywhite	13	b Jas Lillywhite	16
Hearne c and b Stubberfield	20	st Wells b Ellis	134
Grundy b Lillywhite	0	run out	4
R Walker b Stubberfield	0	c Hale b Ellis	37
I Walker b Jas Lillywhite	4	run out	0
R Forster, Esq, c Ellis b Lillywhite	6	not out	3
C Leigh, Esq, run out	14	st Ellis b Chapman	8
R Bayford, Esq, c Turnour b Stubberfield	29	b Stubberfield	0
C Leigh run out	0	c Ellis b Stubberfield	4
Baker b Jas Lillywhite	7	b Jas Lillywhite	5
Wootton not out	0	c and b Jas Lillwhite	1
Leg byes 3, wide 1	4	Leg byes	4
Total	97	Total	216

SUSSEX.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J Hale, Esq, c Grundy b R Walker	34	c C Leigh b Wootton	20
John Lillywhite b Wootton	0		
W Hodson, Esq, c Hearne b R Walker	9	not out	0
Wells c Grundy b Wootton	33	c and b R Walker	4
S Leigh, Esq, run out	3	not out	16
Ellis b Grundy	81	c R Walker b C Leigh	5
A Chapman, Esq, c Hearne b C Leigh	33	b R Walker	26
Stubberfield b Grundy	5		
Fillery st Hearne b R Walker	2		
Viscount Turnour not out	27	b Wootton	0
James Lillywhite c Baker b C Leigh	5		
Byes 3, leg byes 5, wides 2	10	Leg bye	1
Total	242	Total	72

Umpires—Dean and Hammond.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT FOUR-OARED RACE FOR £120.—The four-oared race between the Bristol and Cardiff crews, which has been anticipated with so much interest in the west of England, came off on August 23, on the Torridge, in the presence of thousands of spectators, who lined the banks on both sides of the river. The match was for £50 a side, with £20 added by the town of Bideford, and the course was twice round from the Newfoundland Inn to the Old Pottery, a distance of one mile, making four miles altogether. The Bristol crew consisted of W. Withey (stroke), R. Pavey, Salisbury, G. Withey, and Wallis (cox.) They arrived at Bideford on the Friday week previous, in charge of Tom West, the well-known trainer, of Bristol, and rowed in the Pilgrim, built by Salter, of Wandsworth. The Cardiff crew rowed in the Little Annie, built by Rogers Brothers, of that town. Their names were Hill (stroke), Powell, George, Mitchell, and Thomas (cox.) They trained at Ilfracombe, having for the previous ten days the professional services of J. H. Radford, from Salter's, Wandsworth. Their boat had a great advantage in build over the Bristol boat, being able to turn easier, which was a great deal in their favor. Cardiff won the toss for stations, and chose the inside, and soon after five o'clock the start took place amid deafening cheers. The Cardiff crew got a lead of half a length at starting, but the Bristol boat was ahead of them half way between the marks. Cardiff then put on spurts and got first round, in performing which, she gained 44 sec. on her opponent. On arriving the first time at the flagship, the Bristol boat was ten lengths astern, and though she gained a little in her next journey to the mark-boat, she lost at every turn, and after rowing a plucky race, was beaten by about 250 yards, being 1 min. 25 sec. behind time; Cardiff doing the distance in 27 min., and Bristol in 28 minutes 25 seconds.

WRESTLING FETE.—On Saturday, August 23, the Snipe Inn Grounds at Audenshaw, were well attended by the admirers of the Lancashire style of wrestling, to witness a sweepstakes, for a beautiful "champion's gold cup," the value being sixty guineas. It is to be contested for by men not exceeding 6 score 3lb. The winner to receive the cup and £5, which he is to hold against all comers for the space of eighteen months, and to accept all challenges given in the columns of the *Sporting Life;* the match to take place within six weeks. The sweepstakes on the above day were on the same conditions. The original entry list contained the names of eight well-known adepts, but, owing to several of the men having matches on at different weights, they were unable to come down within the prescribed limits; consequently, only the three following men made their appearance at the scales:—W. Schora, of Ashton; John Matley, of Ashton; and Thomas Schora. These were drawn to compete in pairs, when William Schora and John Matley fell together. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, both men entered the arena, Mr. J. Chadderton, of Hollins, taking the office of referee. After struggling for fifteen minutes, Matley came to "grief." The deciding heat then lay between the brothers Schora, and after about twenty minutes' good play, William Schora brought his brother down, and was proclaimed the champion.

TEN BROECK AT YORK.—The American turf representative in England does not appear to have taken a very active part in the York August Meeting, about the only event in which any of his horses took part, being the following:—

MATCH—500, hf ft.; 8st 7 lb each; T. Y. C.

Lord Glasgow's c by Young Melbourne, Physalis, 2 yrs. Aldcroft 1
Mr R TenBroeck's Santhal, by Longbow, The Ranee, 2 yrs. Fordham 2

Betting—5 to 2 on Santhal, who cut out the work to the Stand, where he was challenged by the Physalis colt, and a splendid race between the pair terminated in the defeat of the favorite by a head.

ATHLETIC SPORTS AT HALIFAX, C. W.—On Saturday, Aug. 30, a series of athletic sports took place at the above named capital of all the Blue-noses, and as fine weather prevailed, quite a large number of persons were on hand to witness them. At 3 o'clock P. M. the sports commenced, and the various events were sandwiched with music by the Royal Artillery band. The first event was climbing a forty feet pole, fourteen entries, for a purse of money, which hung temptingly from the top; but, notwithstanding the many attempts that were made, not one succeeded in reaching it. Some got up about 20 feet, while others could not ascend more than half that distance, when they would "retreat in good order."

In the game of "Catch the Ball," Alexander Ferguson, of 2d Battery, obtained the first prize; Trumpeter Anderson, of 7th Battery, the 2d; and the 3d was awarded to Gunner Nash. 2d Battery.

In the Hurdle Race, Gunner Leach, 7th Battery, took the 1st prize; Gunner Evans, of 2d Battery, the 2d; and Bombardier McGill, of 2d Battery, the 3d.

The "Catch the Pig" excited a good deal of merriment. A pig was greased and let loose upon the grounds, when it started off at full speed, and a large crowd ran in pursuit, knocking down many that stood in their course. After a brisk race around the field, the pig was caught and "bagged" by Gunner Duckworth, of the 2d Battery.

In the Long Leap, Gunner Finn, of 2d Battery, proved victorious.

The game of "Cockfighting" was next engaged in, and the scene was a ludicrous one. Each opponent had his hands tied in front of both knees, and a short stick placed under them, and the man who kept up longest was declared winner. Gunner Ferguson, 1st Battery, took the 1st prize, and Gunner Shaly, 2d Battery, the 2d.

In the Scurry Race, the 1st prize was taken by Gunner Evans, 2d Battery; the 2d by Bombardier Carr, 7th Battery, and the 3d by Gunner Newberry, of the 7th Battery.

In the wheelbarrow Race, the 1st prize was obtained by Gunner Shaly, 2d Battery, and the 2d by Gunner Ferguson, of the same Battery.

The first prize in the Consolation Race was won by Gunner Lonahan; the 2d by Bombardier McGill; and the 3d by Corporal Plenderloth, all of the 2d Battery.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.—Soon after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, in Marion county, one of the natives stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments an answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "hoosier" was too smart to be caught in that way, and replied—"Oh, no, Mr. Telegraph, you can't fool me that way. I'm not so green as you think I am. That darned tickin' thing of yourn haint been out of this room; I watched it all the time!"

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J. E. ESHER.....Proprietor.
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The following Ladies and Gentlemen are now performing at this Establishment:

MISS SALLIE MASON,	J. T. BOYCE,
MISS THEO. THOMPSON,	CHARLEY LEWIS,
MLLE LEONORA,	J. C. CAMPBELL,
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THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—JOHN T. POWER, the celebrated Irish Comedian and Vocalist, son of the late Tyrone Power, is now on his way from Australia. Managers wishing to engage the above Artist for nights, commencing on or about August 1, will apply to JAMES CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway. 15tf

THE FALL AND WINTER TOUR
OF
MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AIDED BY HER FATHER,
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Commenced at the
METROPOLITAN THEATRE BUFFALO,
MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 8, 1862.
During their engagement in that City, they will produce their
SCENIC, OPERATIC, AND DRAMATIC NOVELTIES,
SATANELLA,
THE SYREN,
AND
LA CIRCASSIENNE.
All letters of business to be addressed for the next four weeks to
22-3t AUG. S. PENNOYER, Business Agent,
Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo.

ON THE MOVE—HOMEWARD BOUND.
FOX'S
RAVEL TROUPE,
Whose great success at the Boston Museum for the past four weeks, and for one week at the Howard Athenæum, surpassed that of any Artists ever known in Boston during the Summer Season, are now on their way back to New York, and will perform at
NEW HAVEN, Sept. 15th and 16th.
The Troupe comprise the following first class Artists:
ANNETTA GALLETTI,
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MLLE MARIA ZOE,	MONS VELARDE,
MONS A. GROSSI,	MONS LEHMAN.
MONS F. SEGRIST,	MONS A. SEGRIST,
MR. B. YATES,	MONS P. RAVEL,
MR. JAMES PILGRIM,	MONS P. BERGER,
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GRAND CORPS DE BALLET.
The celebrated
RAVEL PANTOMIMES.
NEW AND SPLENDID ATTRACTIONS
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EXTRAORDINARY BRILLIANCY
BY THE
COMBINATION OF STARS,
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VERY BEST ARTISTS OF THE AGE.
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After a most successful season of eight and a half months, is now open with the following Company:

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MISS C. MORLEY,	MISS ROSE DE LUCE,

MISS FANNY THOMPSON, MISS MINNIE LANIER,

EDWARD BERRY,	E. N. SLOCUM,	J. BARNEY,
TOM CONY,	J. CONKLIN,	GEO. KERMINE,
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A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR C. CONSTANTINE.
Leader of Orchestra.....MARTIN FREBERTHYSER.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
W. H. LEIGHTON,.....Sole Lessee and Manager.
SHERIDAN CORBYN,.....Acting Manager.
The public are respectfully informed that this beautiful Theahas been opened with the
GREATEST COMBINATION OF
OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC TALENT
Ever concentrated in any Theatre in this State, including

MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON,	MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
Mrs. J. R. Saunders,	M'me Schwazule,
Miss Mowbray,	Mrs. Burrill,
Miss J. Land,	Mrs. G. E. Locke,
Mr. A. R. Phelps,	Frank Mayo,
John Wood,	S. W. Leach,
D. C. Anderson,	E. N. Thayer,
G. E. Locke,	C. L. Graves,
W. Schraubstadter,	Sig. Roncoresi.

and a POWERFUL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.
Artists visiting California should visit this magnificent Dramatic Temple before engaging elsewhere, as it is by far the largest and most commodious Theatre. The Management of this House have also the control of the principal Theatres in Stockton and Sacramento. 52-tf

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
Montgomery street, between Washington and Jackson streets,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE, and JOHN TORRENCE, } Proprietors and Managers.
J. B. BOOTH, Stage Manager.
J. L. SCHMIDT, Musical Director.
THE STAR COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle	$1	Orchestra Seats	$1
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Private Boxes....$5 and $10.
Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
N. B. Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of the Varieties and Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento; and Theatres in Marysville and Stockton. 10-tf

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The undersigned, having obtained possession of
THE GREAT SECOND SIGHT GENIUS,
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ENTIRE CABINET OF WONDERS,
Which is capable in any hands of performing an endless number of new Tricks and Delusions—yet not being Professionals, will dispose of the same at less than one third of its original cost, to any person or persons who desire to enter the profitable profession of a Magician.
The extent of the Cabinet may be imagined when we state that it fills SEVENTY CASES, all elaborate in design and finish, and splendidly arranged for traveling. An entire newspaper column could not contain a fair description of it, but any man or company with this Apparatus would be a "SURE CARD" at any Theatre, Music Hall, or place of Amusement in the country.
Managers of such places might profitably purchase the same, and engage a person with it, or perform themselves.
A full description sent, together with the moderate price required, by addressing D. BIDWELL, New Orleans,
22-2t* Or JAMES K. O'BRYON, Jr., Washington, D. C.

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THE MODEL CONCERT HALL OF THE WORLD.
The Company now engaged at this popular place is
ONE OF THE BEST IN AMERICA.
☞ Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability wishing engagements will address
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Washington, D. C.
LIBERTY HALL, Alexandria, Va.,
Under the same Management.
All business letters for both places must be directed to Washington, D. C. 20-8t

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Manager.....J. W. LINGARD.
The Management takes pleasure in announcing to the Public that
THE GREAT ARTIST,
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
Will make her re-entre on
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th,
In a new SENSATION SPECIALITY, written expressly for her, entitled the
WARRIOR SHEPHERD!
A Grand Historical Drama, in 3 Acts. 22-1t

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of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—SAM CANTY, Esq., the well known author of several of our most popular dramas, having just completed the patriotic sketch entitled, "The Traitor's Dream; or, The Reunion of the North and South," consisting of a series of Scenes and Tableaux, with 1000 Lithographs representing the different Tableaux, is now prepared, with his entire Troupe, to take engagements for six or twelve nights. Managers wishing to engage the CANTY TROUPE, can do so by applying to JAS. CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway. 15-tf

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

BALTIMORE MELODEON.—First class Performers of all kinds can secure good engagements, by applying to
ALBERT LEA, Manager and Proprietor Melodeon,
Baltimore.
N. B. I will pay more salary to good Performers than any other Concert Saloon in America. 21-tf

"ACTORS ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP."—The Annual Election of Officers occurred at the Lodge Room, on Friday, Sept. 6th, when the following Members were elected to serve for one year from October, 1862:

President	Bro. THOS. McKEON.
Vice President	" ALEX'R FISHER.
Treasurer	" JOHN PAUL SMITH,
Secretary	" HENRY L. BASCOMB.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Bros. G. L. Aiken,	Cyrus Carson,	J. P. Porter,
Thos. A'Becket,	John Ellsler,	H. C. Rynor,
Edwin Adams,	G. W. Gile,	D. E. Reilly,
W. H. Bailey,	T. C. Greene,	B. G. Rogers,
J. L. Baker,	G. W. Johnson,	J. B. Roberts,
G. V. Bowers,	Jos. Jefferson,	L. R. Shewell,
J. L. Barrett,	Wm. Naylor,	Wm. Wheatley,
F. Chippendale,	Jos. Parker,	Wm. Wallett.

Members deceased during the past year:
Bros. John Drew, J. B. Phillips, Wm. A. Wood, and Jerry Merrifield.
Brothers desirous of communicating with the Secretary, or Members of the Profession wishing any information, will please address HENRY L. BASCOMB, Sec. A. O. O. F.,
23-1t 1612 North Seventh street, Philadelphia.

NOTICE TO THE MINSTREL PROFESSION.—Wanted immediately, the following talent for the coming season: two good End Men, (Bones and Tamborinist, those who can play brass instruments preferred); one smart E flat Cornet player, who can play second violin; one excellent and powerful Tenor, who can sing to B flat, and lead the "Crown of the Tempest;" one extra Flutist, who can play a good piccolo and a brass instrument; and one heavy Alto singer, who can play a good B flat Cornet. No high salary paid—moderate, but sure, every week. High salary is the cause of so many failures and disasters every year, among traveling Minstrel Troupes. No person need apply unless they are of good moral and temperate habits, and are competent to fill the place. Address, until Oct. 1st, to Providence, R. I., stating abilities and lowest terms. Persons applying for any of the above situations, will take "silent" for an answer if their letters are not answered within a week.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager, and Acting Agent of Duprez & Green's New Orleans and Metropolitan Minstrels and Brass Band.
WANTED, also, a second hand (one hundred and twenty-five feet) round top Canvass. Address as above, stating all particulars and lowest terms. 23-2t*

CORINTHIAN HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
W. A. REYNOLDS.
21-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

M. ZAVISTOWSKI, having just returned from the West Indies, is prepared to negotiate with Managers for engagements for the Fall and Winter Campaign. He can be engaged alone, or with those celebrated Danseuses, M'lles Christine, Alice, and Emeline. Address M. ZAVISTOWSKI,
23-2t* 174 Bleecker street, N. Y.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, for the Fall and Winter Season, an Old Man, a Heavy Man, and a Juvenile Man. None but those of acknowledged ability need apply. State lowest terms. Address D. HANCHETT, Theatre,
20-4t Cobourg, C. W.

TO MANAGERS.—Mr. and Mrs. Rhody Maguire, the great versatile performers, have just returned from a long tour among the western cities, and are now open for engagements. Managers desiring their services, will please address care of NEW YORK CLIPPER, or No. 271 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. MAGUIRE.
23-2t*

PHOTOGRAPHS of all the principal Actors, Actresses, Opera Singers, Ballet Dancers, Minstrels, etc. Price 25 cents each, or 5 for $1,00, and sent post paid. Catalogues sent on receipt of a stamp, by W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3410. 23-1t*

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. S. H. M. Hall, S. R. Sawin, C. W. Stiles, F. A. Tamrehill, Wattie Rusher, C. Folwell, J. H. Reynolds, Edward Ellis, R. R. Maginly, Robt. Armstrong, and Miss Ida Grey.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Sept. 15, 1862.

The "rub-a-dub-dub" of war, and the multiplicity of "extrys," have not been able to interfere with the aggregate of show biz. in this city, as yet. As is usual in all countries where a war exists, biz. takes new channels and manifestations, but the general result is rather increased than diminished. Such is the teaching of experience, we believe, in nearly all communities, especially large cities. The public mind, all day on the full stretch of excitement, naturally relapses into repose as evening comes on, and the matronly teachings of the Drama or her attendant muses are cordially welcomed. As the evenings become longer or cooler, and as our managers are beginning to lead out their trump cards, so our items in this department, (no matter whether we can spare much or little space for their discussion,) become more and more interesting, for Manager Humbug dies harder than Peter Funk. Behold the signs.

Talk about generalship, springing mines, pit falls, cat leaps, etc.. don't our theatrical and operatic managers go it strong on the strategetical? Here are Ullman and Palmer, De Forest and Nixon, playing at hide-and-go-seek all summer about the "who shall" for odd tricks at the Academy of Music; and, just as nearly all the trumps are gone home or the remainder easily guessed at, along come Messrs. Harrison & Co.—great operator, that "Co."—who have been keeping dark ever since June, and now talk of opening Irving Hall "right forninst" the old Academy shop, on the Irving Place side. A new stage takes the place of the old hum-drum platform. Garibaldi (not he of the red shirt) has painted some beautiful scenery. Guidicini has given one of his glorious ceilings. On the 18th we shall have the first performance of the new season, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. The programme has some rich musical treats.

Having stated last week that Wallack's old stand had both a dusty and a thirsty look, we are now happy in being able to state that a "season" of German Opera commences this day (15th), with a very fair company, under the direction of Carl Anschutz. They have Messrs Quint, Rudolphson, Lotti, Graff, Hartmann, Weinlich, etc., with Mesdames Johannsen, Berkel, Rotter, Mauve, etc. In this way, the sacred words of the German character in John Brougham's "Pocahontas" may yet be illustrated—

"Dere is notting in ter world so nice,
As ter bully lager-bier."

M. Zavistowski, with his celebrated troupe of dancers, has just returned to New York from the West Indies, after an absence of three years in various parts of North and South America. M. Zavistowski is prepared for business at once, and managers wishing the services of himself and troupe, or any of them separately, have now a chance to negotiate. See advertisement.

Managers on the look out for talent of a versatile order, will not allow the advertisement of Mr. and Mrs. Rhody Maguire, in these columns, to remain long unanswered, we presume. Artists having such established reputations as the above, are always in great demand.

How "about" that English Opera Company we have been promised should commence "about" this time?

Some of our critics *will* keep on comparing lady performers. Now, when we find Miss Bateman rated as being nearly as "great" as Matilda Heron—in "Geraldine," for example—what must we think of "the 'greatest' actress of the age" after that? Here is a touch of the "ultra-passional." "Jack, lend us yer handkcher."

The way that "young rawskull" our "Young America," at Niblo's, steps into the shoes of Gabriel Ravel, while personating the latter's celebrated gymnastic part in the pantomime of "Vol-au-Vent," is, or should be, a "caution" to all vain-glorious performers. Whether the blockheads can be penetrated with a reasonable amount of Yankee caution, remains to be seen. According to Sam Patch's English—"Some things can be done as well as others."

One of the latest "real estate rumors" runs to the effect that we are to have a sort of theatrical Crystal Palace built upon the site of the former glass affair on the Sixth Avenue. "Glass puddin—glass puddin!"

Our Brooklyn friends will be glad to learn that Manager Hooley is making arrangements for introducing his minstrel party at some available hall in their musical city. Let the young men and maidens look out for Hooley's Minstrels.

We understand that George Christy has been "relieved from duty" in Broadway, and will soon take his party to Washington, although we do not remember any flattering success of his in the "city of magnificent distances." However, sometimes any kind of "distance lends enchantment to the view."

The present arrangements for double-headed starring at Niblo's may be all very pleasant for the public, but, unless Manager Wheatley has a sweeter temper than Manager Nixon, somebody will be very apt to find out something some of these days.

The first week of the dramatic season at Barnum's Museum must be recorded as quite successful, and the new play of "Claude Marcel, or The Idiot of Tarbes," has been favorably received.

James Pilgrim has evidently spread himself on that new piece at the New Bowery, called "The Warrior Shepherd," written for Adah Isaacs Menken. A slice or two of Hebrew literature would do our artistic folks no harm. Ask Adah, or the divinity students at the May anniversaries.

Can't Father Bateman curse when he plays the old Welch Bard, in "Geraldine?" Some people think that "Be the powers, he bates the ould Piper of Donerailе."

That awfully long word they have on the bills at Wood's Minstrels, 514 Broadway, does not seem to scare our folks at all, for perhaps the most enthusiastic and fashionable audiences ever seen in this city congregate there—and well they may, in view of the deliciously sentimental and irresistibly comical treats given by the admirable performers.

Not only our country cousins, but all the old residents who are related to the "oldest inhabitant," love to step in and enjoy the chaste and harmless fun dished up every evening by the Bryants and their well-selected associates. They know how to put on "Italian Airs," or take them off. The general fun is more than we know how to describe. In Irish phrase, "the Bryants bang Banagher."

We are warned by lack of space to sum up our city summary as summarily as possible.....G. L. Fox appears (with that injunction cut off) at the Old Bowery this evening (15th), and is announced as good for six nights, any how.....The "good-natured" public are respectfully invited (not by us) to believe that Billy Florence made $2,000 over and above all expenses during his recent summer season at Wallack's, "vich nobody can deny."....Brother Barnum is "said" to have "split the diff." between General Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt by giving to each $750 "in a pigs's"-skin purse, and now both the little coves take a state-room for Europe, making their last appearance here in public on the 25th.....Ullman and M'lle Cordier are "sartinly" expected in the "next" steamer from Europe.....Laura Keene is "said" to have Messrs. W. R. Blake, H. T. Daly, Levick, Stuart Robson, Peters, J. H. Stoddart, with Mesdames Blake, J. H. Allen, Ione Burke, Sedley Brown, and Isabella Wilkinson.....Manager Lingard now accommodates his "up stairs" gods at ten cents each.....James Maeder talks of opening a sort of concert room among the paintings and statuary at 625 Broadway, and this would be bad music for Laura Keene's, opposite.....The Veteran Wallack is to open at his New Theatre on the 18th, and has about the same company as last season, with the exception of W. R. Blake and W. H. Norton, who now seem like departed heroes.....Miss Louisa Brown makes a first appearance to-night (15th), at the Old Bowery.....Irving Hall is to open on the same night as Wallack commences his fall and winter season. Managers will do such things.....Forrest opens as Hamlet on the 15th, and Hackett as Sir John Falstaff on the 16th, and thus the question of "off nights" is supposed to be settled. Actors will do such things.....Fanny Denham remains at the New Bowery..... The Myers Sisters have returned to this city.

DRAMATIC.

Mr. Couldock has been drawing most excellent houses during the past week, says our St. Louis correspondent, Seneca, writing on the 9th, and his benefit, on the 5th, was a perfect ovation. "He has met with a more decided success, considering the season and the times, than during any former engagement—a success, too, richly deserved for his talent, and always perfect naturalness in every character portrayal he undertakes. The *Republican*, in a late editorial (no oyster house criticism) gives him his due meed of praise, and more than endorses all I have said of him.....On Monday, the 15th, will be produced for the first time in this city, "The Seven Sisters," Mr. McDonough furnishing all the music, wardrobe, properties, and trappings, which aided to make the piece so successful in New York. "The Young ladies" are engaged, and we are promised a spectacle of "gorgeous magnificence."

It having been stated that the late Jerry Merrifield was a member in good standing of the "Actors' Order of Friendship," Mr. H. L. Bascomb, Secretary of the Lodge, has been instructed to say that Mr. Merrifield was *not* in good standing, being very much in arrears, and for some years had not communicated with the Lodge, although repeatedly written to. It has been thought proper to make this statement in order to correct any impression of indifference regarding his decease, on the part of the Order.

Messrs. Langrishe and Dougherty have not been idle this summer—although not operating in Denver. They have just completed a pretty little theatre out at Montgomery, and intend opening it about the 10th Sept., keep it open about four weeks, and then return to Denver. We hope they may get "the retort." Perhaps we should explain that "the retort" means, in Colorado style, gold dust or metallic currency. What relationship it may have with "the retort courteous" we cannot say; but most people think "the retort" quite sufficient.

"The Innocent Convict" is the name of the new play soon to be expected in Boston.

Miss Annie Waite, who was to have gone to the Opera House, Cincinnati, but who could not wait for the enemy's movements, is now engaged to do the leading business at the Metropolitan, Buffalo.

Hanchett's company were in Peterborough, C. W., last week, and afterwards proceeded to Whitby. Miss Fanny B. Price, tragedienne, is in the company. They do the "Colleen Bawn," among other pieces.

Mr. and Mrs. Simcoe Lee, and Lizzie Irving, seceded from Kelly's dramatic troupe in Dundas, Canada West, and are now going it alone.

Reynolds' company were at Gault and Paris, Canada West, last week, and will be at Brantford on the 15th, 16th, and 17th. Mr. J. C. Levick is now attached to Reynolds' Varieties.

Miss Kate Pennoyer met with a favorable reception at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, where she is now dancing.

It is said that in the Philadelphia almshouse is a man who, from constantly playing female parts in an amateur dramatic association, came at last to believe himself a woman, and is now crazed.

Mrs. Cecile Rush, of Philadelphia, is studying a new domestic drama, from the pen of George Marlow, entitled "Ida Lee," also a local comedy, in one act, by the same author, entitled "The Belle of Washington."

A sort of dramatic show was opened a week or so ago on the Fairfax Road, near Alexandria, Va. We have a programme before us, but it does not give a list of the company. The bill for the 6th comprised "A Day After the Wedding," song by Mr. Williams, and the farce of "A Kiss in the Dark."

Mr. Roscoe, an actor, who was recently arrested in Chicago on a charge of being a rebel spy, has been discharged from custody by order of the war department. Mr. Roscoe, we believe, was one of the company attached to the St. Louis Varieties last season, several of whom were charged with being secessionists.

We regret to hear, from Cairo, Ill., of the death, by drowning, of Mr. Frank Graham. He had taken passage on the steamer Belle of Memphis, for Memphis, and on the 1st inst. fell overboard, and was drowned. He was in the 32d year of his age. He leaves a wife and two children, one three years of age, and the other eighteen months old. Mr. Graham was a good, kind husband, and one of the best of fathers. He was beloved alike in his public and private life, and his loss will be severely felt. "Peace be with him."

A very good answer to all the absurd stories about immorality or lack of patriotism among stage performers may be seen in the noble conduct of James E. Murdoch lately, in Cincinnati. Although he has two sons already in the army of the United States, and might be "able" to claim exemption in other respects, the only idea remaining on his mind was as to his being "able" bodied. He came into the city, gun on shoulder, from his beautiful country residence, joined a company, and reported himself at Gen. Lew Wallace's headquarters with this laconic speech—"I saw in the papers that you would take all the able-bodied men, with their guns, and here I am." Thus this accomplished scholar, splendid swordsman, and ready linguist in nearly all the modern languages, falls into rank at once as a private soldier. Of course so valuable a man is not likely to remain without being placed where his accomplishments might be made most serviceable, as his friends, Buchanan Reid, the poet-artist, and Beard, the painter, are already among the officers on the staff of Gen. Lew Wallace.

If Hartford is not lighted up with dramatic illumination now, there must be a screw loose somewhere, and "the house closed to repair the gas works." Tom Hampton's recent experiment at the People's Theatre, in American Hall, at Hartford, furnishes us such items as we like to publish, interest or no interest in the matter, but from pure love for the Drama. The house opened on the 8th, as previously announced by us, and shows both elegance and utility. The bill was "The Stranger," a characteristic dance by Miss Fannie Rosalie, concluding with "The New Footman." Miss Anna Levering and Mr. Sydney Wilkins led off as stars. Among the stock are G. E. Wilson, E. B. Williams, E. W. Watson, C. S. Goodsell, L. E. Barker, G. E. Andrews, C. Collins, W. H. Ryder, H. F. Parmlee, etc., with Mesdames Agnes Hampton, Lois Burbank, Ella Wallis, Fannie Rosalie, Conner, Chester, Delforet, De Lane, etc., not omitting to mention the redoubtable Tom Hampton himself, who came out as Bobby Breakwindow, in the farce, and won a star's share of the applause. On the 9th, the bill was "The Lady of Lyons" and "Rough Diamond." On the 10th, Sydney Wilkins having been (as the clergy say) "translated" to New-York, L. P. Roys, the "knight of the dark muzzle," took the place of Wilkins, and opened in "La Tour de Nesle." The house is an elegant proof of the merit of New England mechanics. The new local act-drop, painted by D. A. Strong, gives great satisfaction. The new candidates for public favor stand well among the old favorites. E. B. Williams is perfectly "at home" as a stage manager, and Tom Hampton never allows himself to be hampered with "incapables." Joseph Proctor commences in "Damon and Pythias" on the 15th.

According to all the signs we can gather from Cincinnati, the Drama and the "Tuneful Nine" must be in a queer sort of fix out there about these days—the ball of war making "a straight gut" through all the usual ten pins of amusement. Such unsentimental knocks come with peculiar severity among the disciples of the sock and buskin—male or female—who especially need fostering care or kindness, such as some princely Hamlet would endeavor to present, while offering a kind "welcome to Elsinore," and making the friendly inquiry—"How chances it they travel?" In this country of sovereign individuality, we can all indulge our share of kingly generosity, according to the means at our command, whenever performers "come along," for they are "the very age and body of the time," and in benefiting them we honor ourselves, as is well attested by both Cicero and Shakespeare. The latter has put into the mouth of Hamlet that sublime sentiment with which the justice of a criticism may be attempered with the mercy of artistic fraternity, when Hamlet tells Polonius—"Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live." To which Polonius replies—"My lord, I will use them according to their desert." But the princely magnanimity of Hamlet rejoins—"Ods bodikin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty." An intelligent reader will readily understand that no premium is thus held out for incompetency; but, that the true republic of art levels all temporary distinctions into one grand and everlasting brotherhood of kindly consideration. As Hamlet says—"He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me. The adventurous knight shall use ' s foils and target. The lover shall not sigh gratis. The humorous man shall end his part in peace. The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled to the sere. And the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse

shall halt for it." The personification of ideas is here made so complete, that so long as men are born with hearts in their bosoms, and so long as language can express those sublime sentiments of that bard who is well styled "immortal," we may reasonably expect to find worthy performers worthily welcomed wherever they may have occasion to visit. As for our theatrical friends recently in Cincinnati, they have had some extra experience. Whether the provost-marshal had any hand in the matter, we cannot say, but Miss Mary Provost played for one night only, and then—

Miss Mary Provost,
She called it a go,

not waiting to be ousted out or entreated to stay. Then there was J. B. Studley and M. W. Fiske. We can easily imagine the majestic Studley doing the indignant, as a clergyman's son naturally would on finding his "living" taken from him, and nothing at hand to "cure it." But, how shall we picture the irrepressible but amiable "Mose," on finding himself confronted at every turn by some Dutch sentinel, almost certain to be deliberate and obtuse. This may be fun to the Cincinnati military, but a "tight fit" for a struggling and sick actor, who has already strained every nerve and all his means to commence the world anew in the "Queen City of the West," usually so friendly and even enthusiastic to artists of every profession. We may fancy the Napoleonic "Little Fiske" putting his right hand on his heart to keep down his temper while some well-meaning (but nevertheless provoking) sentinel "repeats history" by singing out, as was formerly said to "the Little Corporal"—"*On ne passe pas.*" Just fancy Fiske's "pheelinks" while on his way to "make every body laugh," and then meeting with such a "hobjeck of hinterest." Miss Emily Thorne just had time to "cut her lucky" by disclaiming all acquaintance with "leg parts," and claiming all the exemptions usually accorded by military gentlemen in favor of the fair sex. Emily might or might not have had reasons for being emulous of speed, but certain it is that—

Miss Emily Thorne
Acknowledged the corn,

and took good care not to travel in male attire. Then there were the Holman Family. They had done "Beauty and the Beast" in their usual style, winning great applause, and were about to present "La Sonnambula," but Miss Sallie and Miss Julia did all their night walking in the direction of Indianapolis, where the company are now performing with fair success, and soon go to St. Louis for Alf. Burnett, although the gifted Mrs. Holman has scarcely recovered from the fright of their late visit to Cincinnati. The comicalities of Master Benjamin and the drumming of Master Alfred were drowned in the "long roll" of the Dutch drummers and defenders of Cincinnati. The new company intended to open at Pike's, headed by Robert Jones, are not yet ready "either to fight or to dig trenches." Frightful and funny, thus far. Hope it is no worse.

Pittsburgh, like Cincinnati, has had its "elements" of amusement so mixed up by recent war rumors, that we hardly know how to "sort 'em out," and may as well let one of our correspondents, "Now and Then," give a general idea of the way theatres, circuses, rope performers, and so forth, have lately been conglomerated as if all in one "lot" of "varieties," melted down with pig iron and smoke. He writes on the 11th that Thayer, Noyes & Co.'s United States Circus showed in this city Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, of last week, and did an immense business. They pitched their tent on the "Varieties" lot, and the consequence was the latter institution gave performances to empty benches. The new manager of the Varieties saw in advance what the effect would be in case the circus came so near him, and he calculated that his salvation would be in the strengthening of his company, which was done, but to no purpose, as the people argued that the "ten-cent Variety shop" would be here all the time, while the circus might not revisit our town for six months to come. The theatre was rather more fortunate in perparing for the financial storm, by making an arrangement with Mr. W. H. Donaldson, the rope walker. This gentleman walked a rope stretched from the dome of the theatre to a building opposite on three afternoons while the circus remained, and did wire walking and pantomime business each evening during the week. The effect of this out side free show was very satisfactory to the theatre management, as it diverted attention from the circus, and ensured fair houses at the "Old Drury" during the entire week. Mr. Donaldson is a very daring rope walker. He seems to be entirely free from fear, and performs some perilous trapeze feats. He left here for Zanesville O., where he remains two days, and then goes to Cleveland. His pantomime performances are very clever. Since Monday, the theatre has been running its new stock, to good houses. Last evening, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was revived, and will be repeated to-night, after which time it will be withdrawn to make way for Miss Amy Frost's benefit, which takes place to-morrow evening. Amy is considerable of a favorite. On the 15th, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport commence a star engagement, or rather, the management has arrangements with them to that effect. I hear it whispered, however, that they would rather now postpone the time, on account of the present war excitement. This seems to strike me as rather a poor excuse to offer at this late day, when they have been announced. However, I might have been misinformed, and sincerely hope I have, as our citizens will be sorely disappointed should they not make their appearance at the appointed time. There is no city in the Union where the acting of a good star is more appreciated than Pittsburgh. Hence, should Mr. D. not come at the proper time, and leave the management in an unprepared state for the coming week, it may be a sad movement for the treasury. The theatre undoubtedly has been doing a splendid business since the opening, and I see no reason why the business may not be kept up, with proper attraction.

At the Holliday, Baltimore, the "star season" is soon to begin, we are informed. "Cupid in Baltimore" did not have so long a run as was anticipated, and "Babes of the Wood," "The Unequal Match," and pieces of that character have been substituted. Miss Mollie Williams, who was prominently cast in the first named pieces, soon joins Kunkel's company. The absence of "the charming Mollie oh" from the Holliday, will cause no end of regret to the *habitues* of that establishment, we opine.

"Ned Nutting," writing from Troy, N. Y., on the 13th, says:—Last Tuesday, 9th, the Adelphi's "goose hung low," on account of a difficulty between managers Smith and McDonald. Smith withdrew his interest, and McDonald, unable to "play it alone," announced to the house that "he was unhappy to inform them that owing to circumstances over which he had no control" he was obliged to "shut pan." Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway are still here. Mr. C. is fitting up the theatre and to-night brings out "Peep o' Day," in which he appears as Harry Kavanaugh and his wife as Kate Kavanaugh. Mr. Conway has been to a great deal of trouble and expense to produce new scenery and a tip top troupe. Mr. J. B. Nickenson, as stage manager; R. S. Manuel, ballet master; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Thompson, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. McDonald, J. B. Evers, Mr. Agnew, Mr. "Gus" Clark, Miss E. Philipps, and others. From appearances I think the thing will take, and Mr. Conway will make four on his lone hand.

Buffalo is all alive with the war biz., and the success of Mr. and Miss Richings has been most enthusiastic. They remain there this week.

Among the changes caused by "recent events" in Cincinnati, we may mention that C. T. Smith, Welch Edwards, and some other good performers, having got "disgusted," are now enlisted in the army. R. E. J. Miles has quit the "flies" and the "runs," and is raising a regiment of cavalry.

The Webb Sisters commence this week at the Howard, as part of the rotation of stars ordained by Manager Marshall. If the public can stand "the star system," we can. No doubt the Webbs can swim.

The Boston Museum "progresses" like Noah-Websterian verbs. As we expected, the main attractions are, practically, Kate Reignolds and William Warren. In "Leap Year," part of the biz. in one scene is for Warren to receive "a proposition" and "a kiss" from Kate, personating Miss O'Leary, a dashing specimen of Irish loveliness. What puzzles Young Boston is how Warren can require any salary after going through such biz. as that. This week opens with "Abel Drake's Wife," in which the felicitous Kate has the fine character of Barbara Drake, and the ever-active Warren exploits Lazy Job. Biz. tip-top. Company, harmonious.

MUSIC HALLS.

Miss Louisa Wells and the horse Don Juan achieved a success at the St. Louis Varieties, St. Louis, and with the company were last week rehearsing Jack Sheppard, which is to be produced on the 15th inst. Business at the Varieties continues very good, and novelty the watchword every night. The ballet, under Constantine, is more full and perfect than ever before, and draws repeated rounds of applause. M'lle Juliette "has returned to her old love," or in plainer parlance, she commences dancing at the Varieties on Monday night, the 15th inst. *Espeigle* looking, neat, and a good dresser, she was always a favorite at the Varieties, though "Seneca" is no favorite of hers....."Seneca" says:—"I have to record the death of one known to many of the profession, through his being the custodian of the Varieties for many years past. I speak of Mr. Icenhour, who died on the 5th inst., of bronchitis. Quiet, unassuming, and even-tempered, he won the friendship of all he came in contact with, and his death being looked for, all that relatives and friends could do to smooth his passage to a better world was done. *Requiescat in pace*....."Johnny Boyce has gone to Memphis; where *he is*, is one of the best performers in his line, and one who has no superior in doing the "ancient colored gemblem."....."Bowery Theatre flourishes; with so many new people coming, it is hard to keep the run of them from week to week. Business always good there. ....."Zoological Garden, with its Happy Family, still keeps taking in a fair quantum of dimes....."The Melodeon is running as of old, but is sadly in want of new talent. There are some very good people there, but in the show business, a "little leaven will" *not* "leaven the whole" company....."General business of St. Louis is very dull, the cry still being "to arms," which has a stunning effect on trade."

From Detroit, we learn that the Metropolitan Varieties is still on the tide of success. "Mohawk," of date Sept. 10, says:—The inimitable "Big Dog" Banjo soloist, Mr. Ducrow, and Mr. R. H. Collins, clog dancer, made their first appearance at the Varieties last Monday night. Miss Le Land, *danseuse;* Miss Jennie Johnson, vocalist; Mr. Bordwell, comedian; and Miss Annie Bordwell, vocalist, will open shortly at the Varieties. At the same place, Mr. J. B. Edeson will produce the pantomime of the "Magic Barrel," and will sustain his favorite part of the clown. .....Mr. Beller has added several new people to his already large company; they are Miss Dora Dawron, the double-voiced singer; Miss Nellie Huntley, vocalist; Mr. Larrey Tooley, and Mr. Charles Monroe, Ethiopian comedians. The Hutchinson Family—John W., Henry J., and Frank Martyn, gave one of their entertainments here this week, to a good house.....Glorious old Winchell will open his budget of fun here Sept 22d, and continue four nights.....Mr. Frank Bosworth, one of the theatrical "profesh" here, has laid aside the "sock and buskin," and is now 1st Lieut. of the 1st Regt. Mounted Rifles, of this State. "Bully boy."....Mr. A. McFarland has been on his "travels" through the Lake Superior country, with a "big tent show," which consists of brass band, theatrical, slack wire, and blue blazes generally. Among the company are Davis, Churchill, Chappell, Dudley, Richards, Pell, Horton, Miss MacFarland, Laura Pelton, Miss Cunningham, and others. They were last at Marquette."

Parties travelling that way, will find Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., (which has been under the same management for thirteen years—no mean recommendation of itself) a very desirable place to "hold forth in" in the way of minstrel entertainment, concerts, lectures, etc. We have the strongest assurances from those who know, that the hall is eminently adapted for any or all of the above purposes, and that W. A. Reynolds, under whose control it is, is a very agreeable gentleman, and one whom it is a pleasure to transact business with. See advertisement in these columns.

The Gayety, in Albany, under the guidance of Col. Harry Howard, is also under a good headway of success. Among the principal attractions are the imitations of the groupings formerly given by the Keller Troupe, such as "Spagnoletti's Studio," etc. There is unavoidably a "fair share of the classics" required to fully appreciate some of these tableaux; but, when well done, as at the Gayety, "all classes" may enjoy the artistic merit shown by the mute performers. We can all understand some great event thus presented, although we may never have seen the pictorial authorities, such as those of Raphael, Rubens, or Corregio, nor never been within a thousand miles of the Vatican. The Col. also "obeys" the concert saloon bill by having some tidy boys to hand the "beverages" around. We suppose that (following the usual aim of the sex) the girls would have no objection to "form a line" and "dress" as boys. Well, well, colonel, go thy ways, go thy ways. If Albany and Troy cannot play a strong hand at any game, then we know nothing of roosters.

Since the present season commenced at the National, Boston, we have had some doubts as to how we should classify the establishment. What it is not seems more easy to describe than what it is. One evening last week a new style of zampilaerostation seems to have been inaugurated. It appears that, about ten o'clock, while the audience seemed very well pleased with the performances and performers duly named on the bill, "an extra was issued" in the form of a man thrown from one of the private boxes on the line of the family circle, and the said form fell like anybody but Gabriel Ravel or J. M. Hernandez. Natural inquiry showed that "the management" were not to blame for this contribution towards the enjoyment of the evening. A couple of German "volunteers," said to belong to the Cambridge company in the Massachusetts 6th Regt., one named Constantine Eckstaeldt, ond the other Theobald Alexandra, had volunteered this joint bouquet, soon recognized as a special police officer, named George Thompson, his duty having required him to speak to the aforesaid German gentlemen on account of their being decidedly drunk and deliberately noisy. Other police officers happening to be at hand, the two originators of the disturbance were speedily arrested, as their style of "throwing over" threw over all the rules of propriety at a place of public amusement, and Boston is not the place for that sort of thing. Without joking, however, we understand that Mr. Thompson remained for some time quite insensible.

At the Bowery, in St. Louis, times are tip top. Their company at present consists as follows:—F. Sprung, Nick Foster, C. Lewis (stage manager), Johnny Spencer, Edward Orpen, Sallie Mason, Nellie Clifford, Mdlle. Leonora, and several minor members. Miss Sophia Walton makes her appearance on the 11th. Miss Clara Butler has arrived, and makes her first appearance on the 15th.

CIRCUSES.

Gardner & Hemmings' Circus has come to an end, having closed on the 8th, at Hanover, Pa. The circus was advertised to show at Hagerstown, Md., on the 11th, but as the company was already within eleven miles of the rebels, they thought that was close enough, so they fell back in good order, and terminated the campaign, fetching up at Philadelphia. C. W. Parker, contortionist, etc., is engaged at Edwards' Gaieties, Harrisburg.

Mr. Alexander McCord, known in the profession as Signor Tilghman, acrobat and contortionist, was killed in the late battles at Bull Run. Our Pittsburgh correspondent "Adelphi," now with Sickles' brigade, makes mention of deceased in a letter which will be found on one of our outside pages.

Van Amburgh's Mammoth Menagerie opened at Zanesville, Ohio, on the 10th, performing there also on the 11th.

Dan Rice's Show gave two performances on the 8th inst., at Toronto, C. W.

R. Sands's Grand Multiserial Combination and Homohippodeal Amphitheatre, met with success in New Haven on the 12th, although stormy weather was the order of the day.

Gardner & Hemmings made a "scatterification" on "account of the war," after performing twice at Hanover, Pa., on the 8th. A "council of war" was held that night, and on the 9th, a "strategic" movement took place "tuther way." The fact is, after performing at Harrisburg, where martial law had been proclaimed, things began to look rather squally for "ye show folk." They had been billed for Gettysburg, Hagerstown, and so on to Wilmington. Of course, further progress by that route would have been unwise with such a heavy responsibility. Every person in the company was paid up to date, and then began some "ground and lofty tumbling," on the backward principle. Nobody hurt, so far, we believe, but a very fine company is thus disbanded. The "outsiders," led by Charley Dedigri, are mostly in New-York. Dan Gardner, and nearly all the company, are in or around Philadelphia. Rally again, boys.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Christy's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, give the net proceeds of the performance on the 16th for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers at present in the Brooklyn hospitals. By general consent, the price of admission is to be raised on that date. All right.

Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels gave one half of the net proceeds of their performance on the 9th, at Rochester, N. Y., for the benefit of the Ladies' Hospital Relief Association in that city. The amount thus presented was $56. This company performed at Lockport on the 10th, and at Buffalo the next three days.

Paducah, Ky., was enlivened on the 6th by a visit from the "Original Campbells," composed of W. E. Manning and Dan Holt, end men; Con Murphy, F. M. Berger, vocalists; Joe Mairs, burlesque dancer; Frank Angelo, Tom Allen, Senor Angelo, D. Angelo, instrumentalists; Miss F. Christie, danseuse; and Johnny Tompson, imitation ditto, but very sick. Altogether, a gay party for the "peculiarly situated" Paducah.

A number of good performers are wanted for Duprez & Green's New Orleans and Metropolitan Minstrels, now re-organising for the fall and winter campaign. This troupe have heretofore been highly successful in their travels, the managers being hard working and reliable men, and giving such programmes as never fail to please.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hank Morton's Varieties were in Zanesville, Ohio, on the 10th, with the following company:—Lessee, Frank Morton; stage director, S. G. Douglas; acting manager, W. P. Hastings; Misses Julia Morgan, Annie Douglass; Messrs. W. C. Morgan, S. G. Douglass, W. A. Burke, H. H. Wharfe, W. Hastings, Master Frank Morgan, S. Clark, etc.

Prof. Love, Magician and ventriloquist, was at Manzanilla, Cuba, as we learn by a letter now before us, bearing the date of August 20. The small pox was prevailing in that vicinity. Prof. Love would soon leave for Santiago de Cuba, thence to Port au Prince, and Havana.

Miss Kate Fisher is around among the towns on or near the Erie canal. At Schenectady, on the 6th, her "Patchwork Entertainment" was favorably received, and Kate pronounced an accomplished caterer.

The Tremaine Family were at Fort Plain, Fonda, Amsterdam, Schenectady, etc., since our last,, and next cross over into Massachusetts.

The big storm caught Fox's Ravel Troupe at New Haven on the 12th, where they "opened with closed doors," but are announced to stay a week, and will be sure to find brighter days.

"Vapid" writes from Philadelphia that the Wheatley D. A. opened with a performance on the 10th, according to previous announcement. There was an alteration, however, from the expected bill; "The Toodles" and "Bombastes Furioso" taking the place of "The Lady of Lyons," but retaining "Cool As A Cucumber." In the first named piece, Mr. Hullfist was the hero, Mr. Comber the George Acorn, and Miss A'Beckett (daughter of T. A'Beckett of the Walnut) made a favorable first appearance as Mrs. Toodles. In the main, the performance was very successful. The other pieces and other performers were also well received.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

WEEHAWKEN.—This suburb of New York, though located in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our overheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who cross the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that the affable ED. WILSON has re-opened his cozy little retreat there, called "THE RUINS," just to the left of the road ascending the hill from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson River may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or mint julep, cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can take an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place being always in fix. 9-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE TURF.

A GREAT DAY ON THE RACE TRACK.

EXCITING TROTTING RACE
BETWEEN THE
STALLIONS ROBERT FILLINGHAM AND ETHAN ALLEN.

Wednesday, September 10, took the palm—in the way of sports of the track—of any of its predecessors of the year 1862, the occasion being no less than a great trotting match for ten thousand dollars, between the stallions Robert Fillingham and Ethan Allen. The sun shone out brilliantly and uninterruptedly from morn till eve, and the weather was decidedly warm and all but torrid from noon till the third hour, which by no means enhanced the pleasure or comfort of the pedestrian; but gentle breezes modified matters somewhat and made the journey and the Fashion track more pleasant than it otherwise would have been. We landed at West Flushing at 2.15, sound in wind and limb, a full hour before the time announced for the event in hand to commence. This gave us time to look around, and take stock of those who were already on the ground. The first individual that arrested our attention, was a sleek appearing *genus homo* that at first glance one would take for a public benefactor, and from the manner in which he coaxed, nay, insisted that some one should relieve him of various treasury notes, by just naming one of three cards which he constantly shuffled on a board before him, that opinion would be still farther fortified. A few paces brought us face to face with one of those inevitable accompaniments to a horse race, a "little joker" proprietor, whose tongue ran glibly enough in describing how easy it was to tell under which of three small black cups said "little joker" was ensconced. "See, there it is," said he, "double your money in no time" but no one 'saw' it the few moments we remained there, and we passed on. Dice boards, by which one might have acquired wealth if they were lucky; lager bier peddlers with the Teutonic beverage right off the ice (a long way off, and considerably too tonic we thought), withered peaches and par-roasted melons; and finally, a little wizened faced chap with sundry nails in a board and sundry rings, eloquently appealed to us to try our dexterity in pitching, at the rate of "a penny a pop," but we popped off in another direction. These and similar exhibitions completed the show outside of the arena.

After reg-aleing ourselves at the hotel on the corner, and sticking the bar maid with the equivalent, we marched boldly to the postern, ponied over the entrance fee, one dollar, and entered, not for the race, but for the purpose of seeing it and the elephant inside. Immediately in front of the judges' stand, the betting fraternity were gathered, including such worthies as John Morrissey, Harry Genet, Dad Cunningham, Jake Somerindyke, and one or more of our bank tellers. Bets were made and taken freely at the rate of two to one on Fillingham, in sums ranging from ten dollars to two hundred; and time bets were made at the same rates on 2:22 and even on 2:21. From this we inferred that telegraphic speed was expected by the knowing ones, but the result dissipated such expectations. There were several gay lasses inside the iron railing, who were cooling off under the "umbrageous shadows" of the judges' stand, reclining in their carriages, looking through the bottom of a glass semi-occasionally, and now and again clouding the atmosphere with "real Habana" smoke. We do not intend to give umbrage, but we must say that the "large number of ladies" the daily papers referred to, we didn't see. To us, they were decidedly eclipsed by that smoke, etc. While scanning the proportions of these sprightly Eves, from our seat which we had secured immediately opposite the "Judiciary Pulpit," our attention was called to the swaying to and fro of a crowd round and about several of our prominent hotel stages, when we discovered that "the fives" were being manipulated at a lively gait by two irate individuals, one in "soger close," and tother almost without any. By his height, weight and inches, we thought the former was John Grindell, but the *casus belli* we could not discover, but think that a hack driver talked "sassy" to John, and hence, John used the language of force, and prevailed against his adversary. Five minutes finished the fray, and soon after, or at about 3:55 P. M., the bell rang, the track was ordered to be cleared, the crowd forced back, and much excitement was created by Ethan being paraded in company with a running horse. Ethan, a noble looking equine, was "not pretty well to-day," we thought, and so thought the speculators, who at once yelled out all sorts of odds against him, and when Fillingham, with an easy gait, and graceful movement, was tooled past, the quotations were 100 to 40 on the latter. From Ethan's reputation in getting an advantage at the start, however, Genet and others offered to bet a hundred even that he won the first quarter, and ditto repeated that he won the half, to which we heard no response.

FILLINGHAM'S PEDIGREE.

As this stallion made his *debut* in New-York circles, so to speak, the following account of his paternity, etc., will be interesting: Robert Fillingham is a very handsome dark mahogany brown stallion; was sired by Wm. M. Rysdyk's Hambletonian out of a well bred Mambrino mare, known by the name of Dolly Spanker, owned by Henry D. Felter, of this city. She was a very handsome, spirited mare, and could trot in less than two minutes and forty seconds. Her colt, Robert Fillingham, was raised at Greenwood Lake, Orange county, by Theron Felter, Esq., and was foaled May 3, 1855. The dam was ruptured in foaling, and was never able to give any sustenance to the colt; it was raised by hand, but was always kind and docile from its birth; it was never grained until it was broken. After attaining three years of age, it could trot well when first put in harness, and could trot in considerably better than three minutes when four years old. When five years old past, it was sold by Mr. Theron Felter to Messrs. Jones & Simmons, and afterwards was bought by Mr. Z. E. Simmons himself, the present owner. Fillingham has trotted only one race previous to the present, and that was with Peter Voorhees' stallion, Young Abdallah, which he won very easily. His sire, Hambletonian, was sired by Abdallah; he by old Mambrino, and he by imported Messenger. Hambletonian's dam was the Chas. Kent mare by imported Bellfounder; grandam, old One Eye, by Hambletonian, and he by imported Messenger; his dam, also, was by imported Messenger, and the dam of old One Eye was by imported Messenger.

Ethan Allen has been so long before the public as a first class trotter, and has become so well known as a successful competitor with such animals of repute as Flora Temple, Lantern, John Morgan, Brown Dick, and others, (with the former of whom, assisted by his running mate, Socks, he gained a victory in a mile heat best 3 in 5 race, to wagon, in three straight heats, making the very-fast time of 2:19¾ in the second heat, on September 5, 1861) that he needs no further introduction.

By the time announced for the start, the interior of the track was covered with vehicles of all sorts, from the barouche to the peddler's wagon; and several of the hotel coaches were driven on "four in hand." Both stands, the old and new, were literally crowded with humans of the masculine gender, from roof to ground floor, particularly the former, where they were "as thick as three in a bed." The babel of tongues was "tremenjuous," and everybody seemed bent on betting, from drinks to a gold repeater, while green-backs fluttered in the breeze from many a fist. The attendance was variously estimated at from ten to twelve thousand, and the aggregate amount of money invested, at from $20,000 to $80,000. As guessing on these matters is rarely correct, we shall not commit ourselves by giving an estimate; but we might add that it would have been a gay place for a drafting officer or Provost Marshall, for the sinews of war—both in men and money—were there in plenty. But to

THE RACE.

After one hour of unwarrantable delay, for the purpose of aiding the sale of drinks and chowder, we presume, the horses, Fillingham in the hands of Horace Jones, and Ethan driven by Dan Mace, the latter having the inside, dashed past the score for the start, but it was no go, Ethan having too great an advantage. This was thrice repeated, but on the fourth attempt, "go" was shouted by the judge to a very fair start, Ethan having a slight advantage, which he increased largely up to the quarter pole, where Fillingham "went up," and things for the instant looked squally for the betters of odds. But Jones soon had him down to his work again, and a magnificent burst of speed on approaching the half mile pole brought Fillingham to his opponent's wheel, and on rounding the turn, Ethan's advantage was rapidly diminished, until, just before entering on the home stretch, they were neck and neck, the speed being very fast. Fillingham was the first to show his head on rounding the turn, then went up a shout from the grand stand that was truly electrifying, and as though all the throats had been suddenly transformed into one. Ethan, with the aid of the whip and a shout from Mace, tried to come up with his opponent, but suddenly broke, and before he gained his feet, Fillingham went over the score at an easy gait by a couple of lengths. Time, 2:24¾. The principal speculators were now jubilant, except those who had bet on quick time, as it was evident that Ethan could not push Fillingham to his topmost speed. A grand rush was now made for chowder and "suthin to take," and the track was suddenly all alive again. The pugilistic propensities of the persons previously alluded to, were again exhibited, and another fight ensued resulting in a "stand off," and nobody much hurt. The "gals" liked it though, and manifested their pleasure by divers grotesque antics and "fast" movements. After an intermission of half an hour, the bell rang again, and the same demonstrations for clearing the track were made, and presently the "flyers" were seen approaching to start for the second heat. On the second attempt they got off beautifully even, and went along at a spanking gait to the first quarter, on passing which, both went up, but Ethan getting down to his work quickly, gained a commanding lead, which he maintained to the half; but here he seemed to flag, and Fillingham overhauled him. The speed at which they were going, took Ethan off his legs, and before he was at work again, Fillingham shot past like a dart, and at lightning speed, went around the turn into the home stretch, and might, we believe, have distanced Ethan, but Robert's driver held him in, and he almost walked over the score in 2:25¾. This brought the betting down still lower, one audacious individual offering to bet as much as seven dollars against a hundred on Ethan. The joke was not seen, neither was the bet. During this heat, considerable commotion was created by a tremendous cracking of the roof of the grand stand, everybody thinking that they would find their level more speedily than comfortably, but "all right" was soon shouted, and "nobody hurt." A number of persons now left the track, as they were satisfied how it was going, and the stock jobbers betook themselves to their champagne, betting, except in a few insignificant instances, having subsided. Another half hour's delay of a most uninteresting character ensued, and it was almost six o'clock before the stallions made their third and final appearance. A preliminary dash or two by both animals took place, when, after two false starts, Ethan got off with a good lead, which, by sundry forcible inducements, he managed to keep nearly up to the half, but the effort was too much, and he went up for a brief space, and Fillingham seized the opportunity to "go ahead," which he accomplished bravely; and, increasing the speed, they went to the three quarter pole like lightning. Ethan, however, had evidently made his last effort, and Fillingham had it all his own way, coming into the home stretch at an easy gait, which was gradually reduced, until when crossing the score in 2:31, he almost walked again. And thus ended the great race for $10,000?

As the owners of the horses got eighty per cent. of the entrance fees, the loser was not much out, even supposing the above stake was actually at issue. So far as the race was concerned, we believe it to have been on the square. The time, contrary to expectation, was not good, but Fillingham can reduce it very materially, for in neither heat was he pushed at all after two thirds of the distance was done. At the conclusion of the race, a grand stampede ensued for the various vehicles, and for the railroad depot, where the crowd filled a dozen or more cars to such an extent that, after an hour's wait, the "bullgine" was unable for some time to start. The light fingered gentry were around with their "fraudulent contrivances" again during the wait, and caught several flats at from $1 to $50. The cars reached Hunter's Point at 8 o'clock, where another lively time was experienced in getting on board the boat, the last of the procession not reaching New York until as late as 8½ P. M. Altogether, it was an exciting affair. We append the summary of the race:—

FASHION PLEASURE GROUND ASSOCIATION—TROTTING.—WEDNESDAY, Sept. 10—Match $10,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H Jones named br s Robert Fillingham.....1 1
D Mace named b s Ethan Allen.....2 2

TIME.

	Quarter mile.	*Half mile.*	*Mile.*
First heat.....	35	1:10	2:24¾
Second heat.....	35	1:10	2:25¾
Third heat.....	36	1:14	2:31

THE LEDGER STABLE AGAIN ASTONISHES THE NATIVES.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—I had the pleasure of witnessing a performance by two of Mr. Bonner's mares over the Union Course on the 9th, Lady Palmer and Peerless; the former was driven by S. Hoagland and the latter by H. Woodruff. The race was two miles out, to 300 lbs. wagon and driver, a trial of speed and endurance, and was very handsomely contested, showing, by the time, 5:02¼, that they are two of the best, if not the best two trotting animals now on the turf; the object of this trial was to satisfy the community as to the qualities of both the mares, as there was a variance of opinion as to which was best, which the following will show. Amongst the spectators most prominent, were Robert Bonner and Commodore Vanderbilt. There seems to be considerable contention between these parties as to which has the best stable of horses, but it is very evident that the *Ledger* man is intent upon taking the pluck out of the Commodore. We should mention that the sporting community should be much indebted to Mr. Bonner for the manner in which he encourages the breeding of horses, and by the satisfaction manifested on the occasion, it was evident that they did appreciate him as a gentleman and a lover of a good horse.

THE RACE.

Before scoring, odds were offered at two to one on the grey mare, but upon scoring it was evident that the sorrel mare could outfoot her; the betting at this period was even. They got away well together, Palmer having the pole; Peerless broke on the first turn, and lost eight or ten lengths; Palmer then trotted well in hand to the half mile pole, where Peerless yoked her, carrying her off her feet, where she lost six or eight lengths, and did not close the distance until rounding the first turn of the second mile, where she yoked the grey, and brushed her to the half-mile pole, where Palmer broke, and in rounding into the straight side the grey was ten lengths in advance, and the last chance for the sorrel mare was the brush, which was evident she well knew, for she gradually closed the gap, winning by neck and shoulders, amidst the deafening cheers of the spectators, in the unprecedented time of 5:02¼. READER.

A TROT AT TROY, N. Y.—A trot came off on the Island Park Course, on the 5th inst., between Fanny Allen and Confidence, representatives respectively of the Ethan Allen and Columbus stock. Fanny was the favorite in betting at the large odds of 20 to 8. She proved faithful to the confidence reposed in her, and won as recorded in the annexed summary.

TUESDAY, Aug. 5. Trotting—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.
Fanny Allen.....2 1 1 1
Confidence.....1 2 2 2
Time—2:40; 2:39; 2:45; 2:46.

THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.—Bonner is having his name posted on the fast time record pretty thickly this season, and again one of his own horses is said to have reduced the figures. By way of being accommodating, we have made up our minds to believe the story that while exercising on the Union Course on the 9th inst., Lady Palmer and Peerless had a friendly trial of two miles, which Peerless is said to have executed in 5:02¾, with a 311¼ pounds to wagon; or 100 pounds more weight than when Flora Temple did the same distance in 5:07, the fastest time till then, on record.

EXCITING TROT AT ADRIAN, MICH.—Through one of our correspondents, we learn that an exciting trot took place there on the 9th inst., between John Smith's stallion, Stockbridge Chief, and Henry Lancaster's stallion, Tecumseh, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness, for $200. H. J. Dean, Ebet Adams, and S. Sillery, gentleman of considerable turf experience and integrity, were the judges. The animals approached the stand for the start at 3 P. M., Stockbridge having the inside. Good starts were effected in each heat, and the fine specimen of trotting that followed, brought out the cheers of the large number of gentlemen, and the plaudits of the ladies present. The result and time, after a close contest, was as recorded in the annexed summary:—
John Smith's Stockbridge Chief, driven by N G Smith.....1 1 1
H Lancaster's Tecumseh, driven by owner.....2 2 2
Time, 2:47½; 2:43; 2:45.

"THE MYSTERY," A Novel of English Domestic Life, by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," etc., etc. T. B. Peterson & Brothers publish this before its appearance in England, printing it from Mrs. Wood's manuscript. It is a story wrought with such great art, that the mystery which runs through it, is not to be detected until the close. It is certainly one of Mrs. Wood's most striking and successful books. It can be had of Frederick A. Brady, 24 Ann street, N. Y.

AULD SCOTIA IN THE FIELD.—On Wednesday, the 10th inst., occurred the sixth anniversary of the athletic games of the New York Caledonian Club. The event was marked with more than usual *eclat*, and an immense number of persons visited Jones' Wood during the day to witness the celebration. The sports were of a first class character, notwithstanding the absence of the gallant 79th, who have bravely battled for their adopted country's cause, and several others who have entered the ranks of the Union army in other regiments, and the various prizes were stoutly contended for, and in the following order:—Putting the stone (heavy and light), throwing the hammer (heavy and light), running and standing jumps, broadsword dance, short and long races, vaulting with the pole, Highland fling, tossing the caber, racing in sacks (very amusing), standing and running high leaps, hurdle races (exciting), hop, step and jump, and the wheelbarrow race. The sports were witnessed by a very large concourse of persons of both sexes, while others amused themselves with the festive dance. A splendid double silken bullion bound banner was presented to the club by the ladies of its members and their friends. The presentation was accompanied by appropriate ceremonies. The amusements lasted until dusk. The refreshment portion of the entertainment was under the personal charge of Mr. Isaac Sommers, and the festivities under the direction of the following committee of arrangements:—Chief D. McClellan, chairman; Second Chieftain Thos. Barclay; Third Chieftain George Gilluly; Clansman James Cumming; Clansman John McClellan.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—We have before us a copy of a target shot on the 6th inst., at Londonderry, Vermont, by Mr. C. L. Whitman. There were ten consecutive shots, at 40 rods, nine of the shots taking effect on a space near the centre which might be covered by a silver dollar, one ball entering at the dividing lines. It is truly a remarkable exhibition of rifle shooting. The rifle used was made by N. and G. Whitmore, of Mansfield, Mass., the weight of the barrel being 17 lbs; has telescopic sight, and carries slugs of 28 to the lb.

$2000 CHALLENGE.—The Proprietor of "Wild Irishman" offers to match him against any Horse on the Continent of America for one thousand dollars ($1000)—a DASH of two miles over eight hurdles, four feet, stiff timber, on the CORNWALL TRACK; and a THOUSAND DOLLARS ($1000) over three miles across country, at OTTAWA, same grounds as run at last Fall's Steeple Chase there. Weights in both matches 11 stone. Challenge open for eight days. Address,
A. LEAMY, St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal.
Sept. 1, 1862. 23-

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.—Fifty Pairs of all the best varieties of GAME CHICKENS for sale at prices to suit the times; also, thirteen two year old Cocks. Address, with stamps, H. A. LEGGETT, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. 23-2t*

SEND FOR A MAMMOTH PACKAGE, containing Four Fancy Articles; price 25 cents. Also, Rubber Goods for Gentlemen's use. Address J. H. FARRELL, 15 Ann street, near Broadway, N. Y. 23-tf

A STEREOSCOPE, and 12 Fancy Colored Views, sent free, by mail, for 30 cents. Address
23-3m* FRED PARSELLS & BRO., Box 2085 P. O., N. Y. City.

Send for a Priced List of the Goods you may want from this city. Address FRED. PARSELLS & BRO.,
23-3m* Box 2085 P. O., N. Y. City.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Five Circulars of Gay Books & so 4th sent to any address, on receipt of stamp, by the Young America Firm, EDGAR, MORPHY & CO.,
1t* 81 Nassau street, New York.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

EXCELSIOR BRIGADE—THE LATE BATTLES—GEN. POPE—"LITTLE MAC"—SECOND FIRE ZOUAVES—DEATH OF AN ACROBAT—WOUNDED ACTORS—IN CAMP.

HEAD QUARTERS, 1ST REG'T, EX. BRIGADE,
Alexandria, Va., Sept. 7th.

FRIEND QUEEN:—After a prolonged silence, I once more bathe my Gillott, in order to let you know that I am still "bobbing around," the butternut gentry having been unsuccessful so far in their endeavors to place a quietus upon this insignificant piece of mortality. Well, Friend Queen, we have trampled over considerable of the sacred soil, and experienced some installations of "rough times" since I last wrote you, not the least stirring of which were those of the past ten days, during which I "severial" times labored under the agreeable (?) impression that my chances of ever again holding communion with my ancient and cherished friends, the Clipperites, were slim in the extreme. Thank Providence, however, contrary to expectation, I succeeded in pulling through the strife unscathed, though thousands of brave patriots were stricken down beside me; we mourn the loss of many a brave spirit which might still be enjoying the blessings of this life, had better judgment been exercised in the appointment of a commander of the Union army. Would to God Geo. B. McClellan had been given the supreme command of our forces, instead of the bombastic, order-issuing "headquarters-in-saddle" egotist, Pope. Had "Little Mac" been vested with such power, a very different complexion would affairs wear now. the noble army of the Union would not now be lying behind the fortifications around Washington, so sadly decimated in numbers, with the dastardly rebel hordes threatening our National Capital, and flaunting their emblem of secession almost under the noses of our loyal residents. Gen. Pope is undoubtedly an admirable general to plan and execute such expeditions as those which brought him so prominently into notice in the Western campaign, but his capabilities as a great military genius were certainly over-rated when he was given the sole control of the army in Virginia. His prestige has now departed forever. McClellan, who has always been the idol of the army, has, if possible, risen higher than ever in their esteem and admiration—notwithstanding the vile and cowardly attacks made upon him by some of our journalists—and against which dastardly assaults I was glad to observe the little Union-loving CLIPPER so zealously defend him. God help these base character-stabbers should they ever make themselves known among any of McClellan's soldiers—they would be devoured piecemeal. McClellan possesses the confidence of every man in the army, (whether they have previously fought under him or not) and had he led us in the recent struggles, the enemies of the old flag would have had good cause to regret ever having crossed the Rappahannock. The rebels themselves I have repeatedly heard say that McClellan was the only one among all our generals who inspired fear or anxiety among them, but him they dread as a man whose military genius is vastly superior to that of any of their commanders. But it's "no use crying for spilled milk," as the old saying goes. Thank Heaven, "Little Mac" is over us now, and a better and more hopeful feeling is noticeable among the troops. We think we may reasonably hope that we have witnessed the last of those shameful reverses which of late have befallen us—the offspring alone of bad generalship—and can anticipate a return of the former brilliant glory of our arms. We shall see.

Our (Sickles') Brigade suffered severely in the recent battles, and its once goodly proportions are now sadly curtailed. The loss in the command was about five hundred—just about one half the effective force when we landed at Alexandria, on our way to our fields of action. Among those slain were many commissioned officers, and we are sadly in need of this article just now, having but two Colonels, two Majors, and three adjutants for "field" in the brigade.

The Fourth regiment—better known in your city by the name of "Second Fire Zouave"—were again badly used up; their number would now scarcely make up a respectable sized company. I tell you those follows are every one the right stripe, and they are truly a credit to the Fire Department of the Empire City, which should feel proud of them indeed. They have battled valiantly for the cause of right and justice in this unholy rebellion, and they deserve the gratitude of a generous and patriotic people. They are bully boys, too, and lovers of sport of all kinds, and that's one reason I have written so much about them. The Sickles Brigade has done its full share toward suppressing this wicked rebellion, and though we are willing, it need be, to fight to the last man; yet we think that services performed and our present weak and disorganized condition—half a regiment being required to do a brigade's duty—entitles us to at least a short relief, in order that we may be recruited up, both numerically and physically. The country would certainly lose nothing by the arrangement, but on the contrary would gain much—how, it is unnecessary for me to point out, as it is apparent to all.

Mr. Alexander M'Cord (better known to the profession by the *sobriquet* of "Signor Tighlman"), an acrobat and contortionist, was killed at the late battle of Bull Run, a ball passing through his head. He was an excellent performer, a whole souled, genial companion, and a warm-hearted, steadfast friend; and his death will be mourned by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I have, in times gone by, had occasion to speak of his performances in public, always with credit, and I feel a mournful pleasure in paying this last tribute to one who was truly an honor to the profession. He was a native of Allegheny City, Pa., where he was residing at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion. He was among the earliest volunteers, attaching himself to the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, was in all the battles his command was engaged in, and fell fighting bravely for the Stripes and Stars, finding a soldier's grave upon the field rendered sacred by christening with patriot blood. Many more of our sporting and professional friends have doubtless poured out their life-blood at the same shrine during the bloody struggles just ended, for they have come to the rescue of the threatened flag nobly.

Mr. W. E. Daly, a member of our company, and a low comedian of merit, left us a few weeks since, and is now in one of the hospitals in your city. He had been very ill for some weeks before leaving. We trust he is improving in health. Should you see him, present my compliments and oblige. Harry Forbes, actor and scenic artist, is likewise there, sick. How are you getting on, Harry? Send along a word, occasionally, for old acquaintance sake.

We are at present encamped a short distance from Alexandria, and in full view of both that "village" and the nation's Capitol. We passed considerable of our time the first two days of our sojourn here in viewing the brick edifices constituting these places; I tell you, Frank, it was in popular parlance—"a fine sight for sore eyes"—as we had not been in the neighborhood of a town for fully a year before. I'll bet the boys took a benefit when they got the run of the town—they made "Rome howl," sure. We are being fed on "soft tack" (i. e. fresh bread) now, and as we have abundant opportunities, as long as "spons" hold out, of providing ourselves with other little luxuries, we are, to use a popular phrase, "living like fighting cocks." We are bound to "cut it fat" while we can, for there's no knowing when our chunk may be rubbed out. There's a show opened out on the Fairfax road, near Alexandria, of which I send a programme. I have not been there as yet, but will get off in a day or two, and "report progress." The performances take place in a tent. But I must stop wearying you. Thanks for the spicy little CLIPPER, which comes to hand promptly every week. Yours ever, ADELPHI.

The gentleman who has been trying to raise the wind finds himself "blown" all over town.

ANOTHER SHOT FROM THE ARMY.

CAMP OF THE 38TH REG'T.,
Near Alexandria, Va., Sept. 7, 1862.

FRIEND QUEEN—I have been seeking an opportunity to write to you for some time back. I get the CLIPPER occasionally, through which I hear considerable of what is passing. The entire Union army of Virginia now rests on the Potomac, near Alexandria. War and disease have had a most disastrous effect with us, and reduced our ranks to a mere fraction. Ever since we left Alexandria (the 17th of last March) we have had a very tough time of it—we fought and dug our way to within four miles of the rebel Capitol, until circumstances, of which you are well acquainted, compelled us to fall back to Harrison's Landing. After remaining here some three or four weeks, it was thought best to leave the Peninsula altogether, and go to the assistance of Pope, on the north of Richmond. It was a most imposing sight, everything was done in the most perfect order. We had taken good care to get all our siege guns sent down the river—not one was left. Our knapsacks were sent in advance of us, so we were enabled to march in the lightest possible order. The hospitals were all emptied of their sick and wounded, who were dispatched down the river on transports; finally all was in readiness, and the long, weary march commenced; at first it was thought the enemy might pursue us as they did from Richmond, but no, they had another object in view; for, before we had got around to the assistance of Pope, we found that they had hurled all their force against him; the indomitable "Stonewall" had got in his rear, which gave work to us; we chased him for several days, and overtook him at Bull Run, where we gave him battle; here the rebels brought their entire force to bear against us, and after fighting them ten days, we were compelled to fall back on Centreville; no new troops came to assist us. Franklin's corps came up too late on the afternoon of the second day to render any effective service—so we were overpowered. While we remained here, it was feared the enemy might flank us, and get between the army and Washington, so it is deemed advisable for the entire army to fall back to Alexandria, which was commenced, but scarcely had we gone three miles from Centreville, when we heard our advance engaging the enemy; (this was on the 1st of Sept.) it had now commenced raining in torrents. Well, the enemy had got around, and were trying to flank us, but in this they were foiled, for our troops resisted them with the utmost desperation, and drove them back with great slaughter; night soon closed on the scene, and quiet reigned supreme; we remained on the battle field till three the following morning, when the line of march was again renewed, the enemy being too badly beaten to disturb us again. This last battle was only about three hours' duration, yet we lost many of our best officers, prominent among whom was our Division-General Kearney, who was shot while closing up a gap in our lines; he was unquestionably the best General in McClellan's army, and esteemed by all; our Major fell also, in this engagement, besides many others, whose loss we deeply deplore.

There has now been two campaigns against the rebel Capitol, both failures; there is something rotten somewhere—our Government is too slow in its deliberations—why were we not reinforced while we lay within four miles of Richmond? The enemy were permitted to concentrate their entire force from the Southwest here, while we could not get a man. What was the consequence? The enemy turned our right, got around to the White House, and cut off our supplies, so we had to fall back to Harrison's Landing, and then commenced our reverses. But enough of this—the people of the North must bestir themselves if they wish to suppress this rebellion—it is no boys' play—they must act, not talk. The "fuss and feathers," talk and gibberish of our Congress and press reminds me of the first scene in the first act of "King Henry VI.":—

MESSENGER—
My honorable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of Rome—
Of loss, of slaughter, of discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris,
Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

DUKE OF BEDFORD—
What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of these great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

DUKE OF GLOSTER—
Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recalled to life again,
The news would cause him once more to yield the ghost.

DUKE OF EXETER—
How were they lost? What treachery was used?

MESSENGER—
No treachery; but *want of men and money,*
Among the soldiers this is muttered:
That here *you maintain several factions;*
And whilst a field should be despatched and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.

Yours truly,
A. H. HART,
Co. B, 38th Reg't N. Y. V.

PERILS OF THE ROPE WALKER.

From the London Morning News, 20th ult.

The amusements of a nation have generally been held to give a good reflection of its character. The progress of a people towards civilization—their grade of refinement and morality—is generally calculated in some measure by the same standard. In Dahomey it is a grand spectacle to see ten thousand human victims slaughtered—their life-blood made to flow into and fill a large reservoir excavated in the earth. The egotism of this epoch loves to mark with pious blame the gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome; while the self-satisfied sanctimoniousness of evangelical England, designates as a mark of Popish ignorance and slavery, the bull-fights of Spain. An incident has just occurred in England which brings suddenly into startling prominency the sports and pastimes of that most superior land in this superior age:—

A woman, by name Selina Young, more commonly styled "the Female Blondin," has met a horible fate. She lives as yet, 'tis true—that is, she lingers in murderous torture, but death is momentarily expected, and is prayed for as a merciful release. The scene of this ghastly sight was a British spectacle of amusement. Night after night, day after day, hundreds and hundreds of thousands had feverishly feasted on the feeling that danger so frightful was so near the victim; and when it was so often braved so fearfully, yet safely, the pleasure began to fail—the performance was too safe. Selina Young, the "Female Blondin," as the title implies, professed to be a rival of that athlete whose feats have amazed the world, and amassed a fortune for himself. As long as his marvelous performances were confined to the New World, incredulity greeted their relation in the old.

The stories of Blondin crossing the river St. Lawrence on a rope strained from cliff to cliff, beneath Niagara, pushing a wheelbarrow, carrying a man on his back, carrying a stove, cooking an omelette, &c., were for a long time regarded as Munchausen tales from the land of wooden nutmegs. But when, with keen appreciation of the greatness of an Anglo-Saxon people, he sought the shops of parent England, and when the incredible was proved to be a veritable reality, gold showered upon Blondin until his fortune promised to rival Monte Christo's fabulous wealth. Thousands of pounds were accumulated by him; the reward he received from a civilized British public for so pre-eminently amusing them. Thousands and thousands of pounds—fortune untold for a Blondin from a grateful nation, at whose hand the penniless widow and offspring of a starved philanthropist, artist, or poet, can sometimes command fifty pounds a year.

Success so wondrous could not fail to attract competitors. What Blondin could do, others might do. The wealth showered upon him, others would fain share. The Female Blondin soon appeared. She had but to convince the public that death, in still more appalling shape, was still and more closely dared, and success was certain. She strove hard to do so; but quickened by the competition, Blondin carried his English patrons farther and farther into ecstacies by new devices to reach nearer and nearer to a tragedy. He simulates, stumbles, and makes false steps upon the rope at fearful height; but after a time the intelligent English public found it was no use thinking he would fall, and even the new resorts palled from the idea of safety. Poor Selina Young, meantime, however, struggled hard in the race, and, it would seem, was by no means unsuccessful. Some of her performances were really marvelous.

On Thursday night she was performing at Highbury Barn Gardens, a place in the suburbs of London. "Shortly after ten o'clock," says the account before us, she ascended one of the stages connected with the rope, which is about 100 feet in height, and by the aid of blue fires, and attired in a suit of armor, proceeded on her perilous voyage in mid-air. She reached the eastern stage in safety, and again returned, performing the feat of wheeling the barrow a third time. She crossed the rope covered with a sack, and then commenced her final tour to the starting point, in the midst of fireworks discharged from each end of the balancing pole she carried in her hands.

"She arrived within about twenty feet of the western stage, when the Catharine wheels at each end of the pole had reached their greatest velocity, and at which moment reports were heard, and stars of various hues were emitted." At this point the spectators observed that something unusual was the matter with the performer; but it is more than probable they were of opinion it might be some new and ingenious device to similate an accident, as with the male Blondin. Perhaps, however, some few suspected the truth, as they saw the hapless woman sway and stagger for awhile, the balancing pole in her hands oscillating violently. A cry arose that she was falling, and suddenly the pole fell from her hands, she herself toppling over. For an instant the poor creature was seen to cling to the rope; but in a moment more she was seen descending head foremost into the midst of the lofty trees beneath her.

The people rushed to the spot, and there she lay at the foot of a tree, completely doubled up, and apparently lifeless. Mournful and most miserable of fates; and for a woman too! It was the shadowing of this scene—the closeness of its probability—that constituted its unparalleled attractiveness and "popularity in America and England." Were there no danger—no likelihood of this result to poor Selina Young, the British public would have relegated her to obscurity and poverty. From gazing on the mangled form of that poor victim, as she lay there writhing in her agony, hundreds turned into "the great hall," where another venturous hazard between life and death was being gone through by one "Leotard." And when in the midst of his performances, hearing of the poor creature's fate outside, he lost his nerve and fell, the rapturous crowd applauded and encored him.

This story is one of our own day—of the passing hour. It is a true episode of the sports and amusements of that great nation which undertakes to export religion and morality to the world, and admonish Spanish bull-fights and Roman carnivals. It is a remarkable fact that the only country in which the Blondin spectacle was a failure, was Ireland. It takes a superior people to have tastes like those to which he caters. We could appreciate Handel, when his "Messiah" could not fine a hearing in England; but we were too sunk in Popish ignorance to appreciate such spectacles as that amidst which Selina Young has been

"Butchered to make a British holiday."

GOT 'EM AT HIS GAME.

"Keerds," says Abimelech Slocum, when he first visited New York and struck, for the first time in his life, a full grown Royal Bengal faro bank, against which he was unable to "make 'em stick," "keerds ain't my forte. As every man of any merit must excel at some particular avocation, we are induced to relate a current anecdote of a well-known criminal attorney of San Francisco, who visited Los Angelos lately. Going up from San Pedro to the "pueblo" in the stage, were two showily dressed gents, who, with the Colonel, had the entire stage to themselves. They were very affable and greatly ingratiated themselves into the favor of the Colonel, who was induced to put up at the same hotel with his newly found acquaintances. After tea the gentlemen sat on the porch and talked till dark, when they adjourned in-doors and commenced a game of euchre, "just for the fun of the thing." This soon grew tiresome and it was proposed to change it to poker, a quarter "ante," "just to make it interesting." They played for some time, and at last the Colonel began to discover that he was being made the victim of a "double team" who contrived to outhold him every time; so, concluding it had gone on long enough, he withdrew from the game, not broke, though considerably bent.

The next day, the two gentlemen took leave of the Colonel, saying that they were going out to purchase a portion of the Anita Ranch. A fortnight wore away and no sign of the reputed capitalists, when one day it was bruited about that two men had been arrested for horse-stealing and lodged in jail. Shortly afterwards the Colonel was notified that these persons wished to avail themselves of his services, for their defence. He accordingly went down to the jail and who should he espy "playing chess with their noses" through the grates of their cells, but his quondam *compagnons du voyage.*

"Ah, you d—d scoundrels," roared the Colonel. "Now I've got you at my game!" If report be true, the Colonel not only got even on the poker game, but actually quit four hundred dollars winner on the round trip.

JOKING ON TROUTING.—"That's a favorite stream for trout, friend," observed a piscatorial acquaintance the other day, to a genuine sprig from the Emerald Isle, who was whipping away with great vigor at a well-known subscription pool. "Faith, and it must be that same, sure enough," returned Pat, "deuce a one of 'em'll stir out of it."

RATHER FOXY.—A Scotch paper speaks of a fox having been seen trying to spring a steel trap by means of a stick which he carried in his mouth. We knew a fox that took the well-pole from the well and pushed the turkey off from the lower limb of the tree with it, and put the pole back in its place. At least, he got the turkey, and the pole was found all right in the morning.

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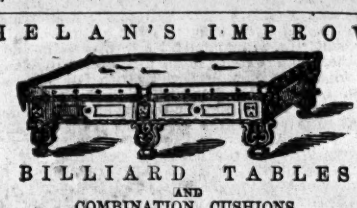

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